

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 798

MAR. 14, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 798.—VOL. XXXI.] ÉDITION DE LUXE
Registered as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1885

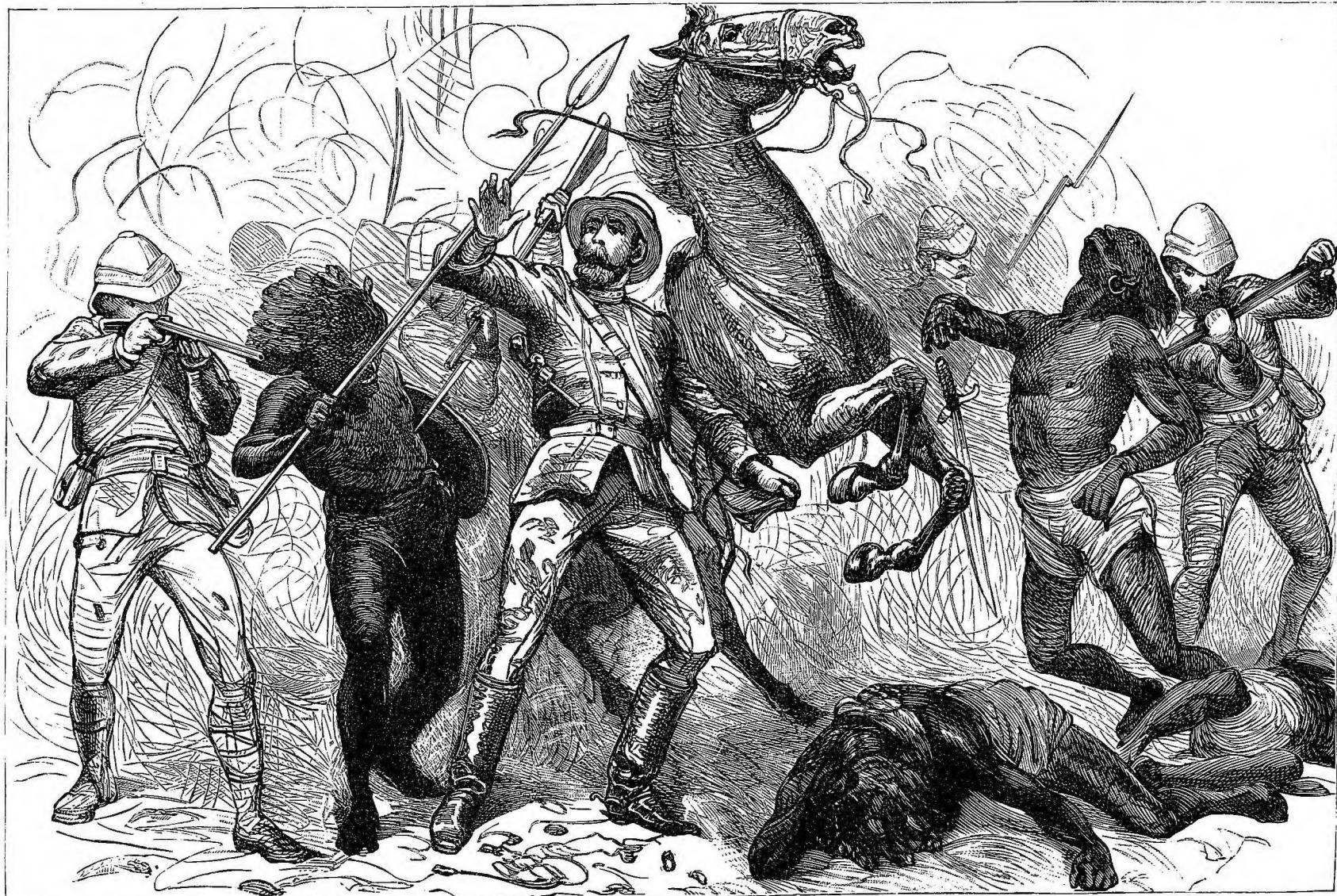
WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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MAJOR STUART WORTLEY BRINGING THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF KHARTOUM TO THE CAMP NEAR METEMMEH

"About 4 A.M. on the 1st February a boat came out into the light of the moon with four soldiers rapidly rowing. The sentry challenged, and young Stuart Wortley's voice sang out, 'Friend!' We knew then that there must be some startling news from Khartoum."—Our Special Artist.



THE PERILS OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS—MR. H. H. S. PEARSE, OF THE "DAILY NEWS," IN THE SQUARE AT ABU KLEA

"In the rush Mr. Pearse had his horse's reins, which he had passed round his arm, cut through, and lost his horse. An Arab made at him, and in parrying the thrust of his spear, Mr. Pearse's revolver was knocked out of his hand. A bullet struck him in the heel, making a slight flesh wound only; but when he came out of the scrimmage, by the sanguinary state of his attire, he might have been assisting in a slaughter-house. This is Mr. Pearse's first experience as a war correspondent."—Our Special Artist.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE AFGHAN COMPLICATION.—Continental writers refuse to believe that England and Russia can possibly drift into war on such slight occasion as a difference of opinion about the northern Afghan frontier. Truly, it looks a little matter; but nations have slaughtered one another for less. The miserable tract of country which forms the bone of contention is practically valueless, except that the best line of approach to Herat and Candahar runs through it. As to the rights and the wrongs of the quarrel, it is difficult to determine yet whether Russia or Afghanistan be the trespasser. If we argue from the official map which General Skobeleff used in 1882, that shows, no doubt, that Russia did not then claim any territory south of Sarakhs. But a correspondent of the *North German Gazette* writes that he has before him a map, issued by the Indian Government, which places the Afghan frontier nineteen miles south of Pendjeh. If, therefore, these two charts be accepted as authoritative, it would follow that both the Russian and Indian Governments have formally recognised the existence of a No Man's Land reaching from Sarakhs to a point ninety four miles north of Herat. The very fact that England and Russia found the need of appointing a Boundary Commission to delimit Afghanistan on the north goes far to prove that the frontier line, if any ever existed, had become obliterated. The accident that the Ameer has a garrison in Pendjeh counts for very little in the sterile controversy. It was only last year that he laid hands on the place, and the Russians claim that it became theirs previously by right of conquest. With the whole business so full of perplexities, there never was a more fitting occasion for arbitration. The Russians are clearly wrong in having moved forward while the Boundary Commission was in session, and their advance has certainly extended to within dangerous proximity of Herat. But, having done so, it is equally undeniable that they would suffer a loss of prestige by returning at the bidding of England, and we are not surprised to see them disinclined to submit to that sacrifice. But if, say, Germany were to accept the office of arbitrator, there would be no humiliation on either side in carrying out her decision. Our interest begins and ends with insuring the safety of Herat, and if the possession of Pendjeh and Pul-i-Khatun were essential to it, we should have to fight sooner than let Russia have them. But inasmuch as the Ameer never occupied the former place, and only last year placed a garrison in the other, it is by no means proved that he has regarded them as outworks of his northern fortress.

INCREASED TAXATION.—The British taxpayer is beginning to find out that it is an expensive luxury to have in office a Ministry who came into power with the old Liberal watchword, "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform;" but who have falsified all their pledges, and whose most appropriate motto would be "War with Dishonour." For the privilege of killing and mutilating a number of the inhabitants of the Soudan, in whose concerns the British taxpayer has only the remotest interest, he must now pay the piper. Of course the Income Tax will be increased, perhaps only a penny, but possibly twopence in the pound. As we have often had occasion to remark before, it was a mistake on the part of Sir Robert Peel and the Free Trade fanatics of forty years ago to abrogate entirely so many Customs duties. If moderate duties on a number of articles had been retained, not only would there have been some sort of a dyke against the flood of foreign rivals who are now threatening our industries in every quarter, but, in the case of a sudden emergency arising, the revenue would have been rendered more elastic. As matters now are, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants an extra supply of money he just gives the Income Tax thumbscrew another turn, and a golden shower of two millions sterling falls into the Government coffers. This is a very agreeable arrangement—for those who do not pay Income Tax—but it presses very heavily on those who do. And, as the working classes are about to be enfranchised, it seems but fair that they should assume a larger proportion of the national burdens than they have borne for some years past. This it is proposed to effect by increasing the amount of indirect taxation. Owing, however, as remarked above, to the meagreness of our tariff, it is no easy task to effect such a change. Alcohol is barred; because we are hampered with various foreign treaties. The tobacco duty was increased a few years ago, and the result has been disappointing. There remains one trump card in Mr. Childers' pack. That is tea. The duty is now 6d., and it is reckoned that an extra 3d. would bring in two millions of revenue. The probability is that, as in the case of tobacco, the consumer would not feel any perceptible rise in price, but that the astute shopkeeper would supply, for the same money, a somewhat inferior "blend."

ENGLAND AND GERMANY AS COLONIAL POWERS.—Little harm is likely to be done by "the affair of the flags" at Ambas Bay. Our rights in that part of the world are well defined; and they will, of course, be respected by the German Government. The incident, however, reminds us very forcibly once more that the work of the Colonial Office is likely to be a good deal more troublesome in the future than it has been in the past. Hitherto we have practically had

everything our own way in distant regions. We have had no very important rivals, and a year or two ago it would have seemed ridiculous if any nation had proposed to compete with England as a Colonial Power. Now we are face to face with a competitor of the most formidable pretensions; and we must be prepared to deal with many difficulties arising from the claims of Germany. Fortunately, there is no reason to suppose that any of these difficulties will prove to be insurmountable. Prince Bismarck has indeed displayed anything but a conciliatory spirit lately; but his hostility has been directed against a feeble and vacillating Government, not against the English people. He has always been anxious to be on friendly terms with England, and if England is not unreasonable he may be expected to do what he can to secure her permanent goodwill. In the end it may prove that he has, without intending it, done us an essential service by his Colonial policy; for there are signs that he has given a powerful impetus to the movement for Imperial Federation. Under the conditions which existed until the other day, our colonies might have been unwilling to tighten the bonds which connect them with the mother-country; but the action of Germany is beginning to suggest to them that closer union might be attended by some very solid advantages

SUMMER QUARTERS OF THE NILE FORCE.—The arrangements now being made by Lord Wolseley against the terrible heat of the Soudan summer are prudent. Instead of concentrating his force at one or two places, he purposed to break it up, and scatter detachments at short intervals along the Nile between Merawi and Handek. By this means, not only will he guard a wide enough front to prevent any outflanking movement, but should typhoid or other infectious disease break out at any camp, its effect will be much less disastrous than if the whole expedition were together. It is certain, too, that large permanent camps are much more likely to generate such diseases than small ones, and here, too, Lord Wolseley's arrangement is suited to the occasion, although not in harmony with the principles of scientific warfare. With such a comparatively small force, a broad front must necessarily be attenuated at places, thus giving an enterprising enemy the chance of breaking through. Lord Wolseley may, however, consider that his front is sufficiently defended by nature. Resting on the river, he can only be attacked either by the Gakdul route, or by that from Berber to Merawi. By neither route could the Mahdi advance in force for the want of water, and before his troops, moving in detachments, could concentrate for an attack, Lord Wolseley would have ample time to call in his outlying regiments. There is, it is true, another road from Khartoum, which strikes the Nile near Old Dongola. The distance is, however, 260 miles, and, as there are few watering places, the Arabs will scarcely attempt a flanking movement from that side. From a purely military point of view, therefore, the position seems very strong, and we think all fear of a serious attack may be dismissed. The real ground for apprehension is the trying nature of the climate, aided by the enervating reaction which catches the British soldier after a bout of hard campaigning work. For the time being he pulls himself together, and goes through trials and sufferings which on ordinary occasions would knock him up completely. But as soon as the excitement is over, a curious sort of listlessness is apt to set in, followed by *ennui* and grumbling. It is then that any disease which happens to be flying about attacks the British soldier, and in his apathetic condition makes short work of him. The sun and the soil are the two worst enemies Lord Wolseley has to dread, apparently, until next autumn.

THE DURHAM DIVORCE CASE.—No doubt the Judge was justified, according to the law as it now stands, in refusing Lord Durham the relief for which he sought. But the hard practical fact remains that henceforward, and until he or Lady Durham dies, he is tied indissolubly to an insane wife. Is it in accordance either with morality or common sense that this should be? If the marriage tie, as some ecclesiastics affirm, cannot be broken asunder, let us refuse relief under any circumstances. Until a few years ago, this was for the mass of mankind actually the case. Only noblemen and wealthy persons could afford the luxury of a divorce. But now that the law in this respect has been so cheapened that even working people can share its privileges, it is worth considering whether divorce should not be obtainable upon some other grounds besides those which are at present permitted. Among these, insanity might be reasonably included. The alteration, of course, would be surrounded with safeguards. A considerable period should elapse after the official certification of the insanity before a decree of dissolution would be granted, and husbands would have to make permanent provision for lunatic wives. But would it not be awkward if a person divorced for insanity were to recover, and find his or her partner remarried? Well, of course, it would be awkward, but it would rarely happen, because a decree would not be granted unless the respondent had been insane for, say two full years; and even if it did now and then happen, the grievance would be very small compared to the privations now endured by hundreds of people who are condemned to celibacy on account of the lunacy of their life-partners.

VIVISECTION AT OXFORD.—A vigorous attempt was made at Oxford on Tuesday to defeat the objects for which the new Physiological Laboratory has been erected. It was

necessary that a sum of 500/- annually for three years should be granted to defray the working expenses of the Laboratory, and many members of Convocation appeared for the purpose of opposing the grant. The Professor does not propose to illustrate his lectures by experiments on living animals. This, indeed, he has no legal power to do; but if he possessed the power he would not wish to make use of it. All that he claims is the right to practise vivisection in his private researches; and it was to deprive him of the opportunity of exercising this right at Oxford that the anti-vivisectionists mustered their forces. Fortunately there was a large majority on the other side, so that—for some time at least—the University of Oxford will be able to take its proper place beside the great European Universities in the study of physiology. There can be little doubt that the question will be raised again when the time comes for the renewal of the grant; but it may be hoped that the anti-vivisection movement will be less powerful than it is now. Every one respects the motives of the anti-vivisectionists, but they have too easily persuaded themselves that they alone understand the duty of man towards the lower animals. Physiologists are as unwilling as Canon Liddon to inflict pain unnecessarily. Their ultimate object is the benefit of mankind, and it is mere dogmatism to assert off-hand that the experiments which they believe to be essential must be condemned by every person of enlightened moral judgment. The subject has been so thoroughly debated that nothing now remains to be said about it, and most people would be heartily pleased if the controversialists would not resume the discussion until they could suggest some fresh arguments.

THE INDIAN EXPEDITION.—The Suakin loafers appear to have the bump of wonder abnormally developed. Whenever a fresh batch of troops lands there, they are always overwhelmed with surprise and admiration. Their latest cause of wonder is the fine appearance presented by the 15th Sikhs and the Bengal Cavalry, formerly Hodson's Horse. No doubt these regiments do make a fine show on parade, and no despicable fighters are they in the field either. The 15th Sikhs stood their ground splendidly during the Afghan War at the bloody battle of Ahmed Kheyl, when the Ghazis came charging down, knife in hand, and left some two thousand of their number dead on the ground before they fell back. Good records also stand against the other native regiments belonging to the expedition, and we make no doubt they will give a satisfactory account of the enemy wherever and whenever met. But Mr. Cross gave these gallant Sepoys rather too much credit when, on Monday night, he bestowed on them the attributes of the salamander. After saying, truly enough, that "Englishmen, accustomed to a generous diet of beef and beer, cannot be expected to bear the heat of the Soudan summer, even with an ample allowance of water," he went on to extol the heat-and-thirst resisting merits of the Sepoy. "These Indian fellow subjects of ours will be at home, and even at ease," he predicted, "on the exposed plains and in the stony defiles between Suakin and Berber, when our men, however gallant they be, will be prostrate with the heat." It is an amusing picture, the Sepoy standing at ease, rather enjoying the fierce rays of the tropical sun, while his European comrade lies panting on the earth, utterly *hors-de combat* with the heat. Mr. Cross is evidently unaware of two facts, each of some importance. The first is, that hard work in very hot weather knocks up Sepoys almost as readily as Europeans; the second, that if the latter were to succumb as he pictures, the *morale* of the former would be gone in a moment. We should be the last to dispute the courage of the Indian troops: it has been proved on many a tented field. But no one will pretend that they are equal in that respect to English soldiers, and since some of our picked troops have had their squares broken by the Soudanese, it is no disparagement of the Sepoys to doubt whether they could withstand the fierce Arab rushes. That Indian regiments should always be supported by Europeans is an axiom in the East, and, if it be not attended to in the Soudan, some disaster will surely happen. Should the heat be too great to admit of the English soldiers moving forward into the desert, it will be safer to postpone all movements of troops in the Eastern Soudan until autumn.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—The elderly sentimental will naturally heave a sigh when he is no longer able to witness through the railings of Newgate Street the sports and pastimes of a multitude of blue-gowned, yellow-stockinged boys. Christ's Hospital is one of the few remaining untouched relics of the City of London as it was some forty years ago. It is now doomed, though, as the scheme put forth by the Charity Commissioners may be opposed in Parliament, the execution of the death-warrant may be yet delayed for some time. Sentimentalism apart, it must be frankly admitted that the sooner the proposed reform is carried out the better. The existence of a large boarding school in the heart of a huge city is in itself an anomaly. In Edward VI's day the buildings were only a few minutes from the green fields. The institution has been honourably distinguished for the healthiness of its scholars, but it cannot be denied that they would be equally healthy in purer air, and would be able to indulge in all the games to which modern boys are so devoted with more success than is possible in their present limited area. At the same time, it must

be confessed that there will be some loss to the boys in leaving London. The unrestricted liberty of the streets on Wednesday afternoons was accompanied by the restraints imposed by a peculiar costume, and altogether this combination seems to have had a wholesome effect, both morally and educationally. For, of course, during these walks abroad, the boys were being educated, either for good or evil, as much as when poring over their lesson-books. When the school is removed into the country, the old familiar dress will probably disappear, as no longer serving any useful purpose. Then, under the new scheme, the softer sex, who have hitherto been somewhat scurvily treated by generations of Governors, are to be put on a par with their male peers. There is to be a boarding-school for five hundred girls. We hope they will turn out nice girls. Girls were nice in our youthful days, when education-fads were less aggressive than now; and, as they still continue to be nice, it may be concluded that it takes a great deal of education (so-called) to spoil these charming creatures. As for the scholarships, we rejoice to note that they are to be given by nomination. This will give poor people a chance. Open competition sounds very liberal, but it really means that most of the pupils who succeed are the children of parents rich enough to pay for crammers.

GORDON'S DIARY.—The sixth volume of Gordon's Diary is now in London, and it is expected that it will soon be followed by the earlier volumes. The work ought to be in the hands of the public at the earliest possible moment, for the country has a right to know exactly what happened during those terrible months when, with splendid heroism, Gordon was repelling the assaults of hordes of barbarians. That the book will not be altogether pleasant reading for Ministers is probable enough. Gordon was inconveniently frank, and we may be sure that he used very plain language in writing about his abandonment. By the world at large, however (whatever Ministers may think), this will not be regarded as a good reason for any delay in the publication of the Diary. As for his own achievements, we already know in what tone he has recorded them. Never, perhaps, has there been a great man of a less boastful temper. In China, and during his first residence in the Soudan, he wrote of the most astonishing feats as if they were incidents of ordinary occurrence, and as if any honour which might be due for them was certainly not due to him. His modesty may have been partly the result of his natural temperament; but it sprang chiefly from his deep religious convictions, which led him to attribute all worthy action directly to supernatural influence. Even in the ages of faith there can have been few men possessed by a more devout spirit than that which animated Gordon. To him, as to the greatest of the Mystics, the visible world was merely a symbol of the invisible; and it is in his relations to the unseen that we find all the governing secrets of his life. This is well brought out in a little book by the Rev. R. H. Barnes and Major C. E. Brown, published during the present week, and there are likely to be many expressions of his inmost feelings in the Diary in which he has described some of the crowning events of his strange and fascinating career.

THE RAILWAY RATES QUESTION.—It is natural enough that British agriculturists and other hard-driven producers in this country should be stirred to wrath by having to pay more for the conveyance of their commodities to market than is charged to the foreigner. Perhaps, if the case were reversed, we should not hear so many complaints. As matters stand, however, the grievance has a genuine look, and we are not surprised that it received universal sympathy in the House of Lords. But the matter has another side. As Lord Granville remarked, it is impossible to believe that the railway companies, whose welfare depends upon the prosperity of the country, are in a wicked conspiracy to ruin that prosperity. Directors may not be invariably the wisest or most far-sighted of men; the management of certain notorious lines forbids that belief. But most of them are large shareholders, and it would indeed be an amazingly foolish policy were they to try to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The whole matter is desperately intricate with an infinite number of perplexing issues and side issues to be taken into consideration before any sound decision can be reached. It should be remembered, too, that the much abused railways are having as bad a time as other commercial enterprises. Their shareholders find their dividends dwindling away steadily towards the vanishing-point, and were traffic rates lowered appreciably, there are not a few lines which would be reduced to the average American level—that is, one dollar for distribution after paying working expenses and preferential charges. It may possibly be said that justice would be done to the British producer by raising the rates for imported goods to the same amount that he has to pay. How would that work out? In a great number of instances it would altogether stop the foreign importations, and the companies would have to make up for that loss of traffic by a proportionate increase of their rates. We do not say that there is no way out of the dilemma, and we fully recognise the legitimacy of the grievance. But the subject is not one to dogmatise about, nor are the railway directors yet proved guilty of a conspiracy to ruin the country whose interests are bound up with their own.

MR. YATES'S IMPRISONMENT.—The fact that Mr. Yates, after serving barely half the term of four months to which he was sentenced, has been released by order of the Home Secretary, on account of the injury caused to the prisoner's health, shows that imprisonment, even for a short term, is no trifling matter. Mr. Yates was a first-class misdemeanant and enjoyed (?) all the privileges of that position. He had comfortably furnished apartment, good food, books, an visitors, yet his health broke down under the silence and solitude of the evening hours. If Mr. Yates suffered thus how must many men suffer who are equally sensitive and quite as delicately organised? We are not speaking here of habitual criminals, who look upon "doing time" as one of the unavoidable incidents of their profession, but of men hitherto respectable, who are sentenced by the score every day to short terms of imprisonment for various minor offences, such as assaults and larcenies. These persons, however it is remembered, have to undergo the rigour of prison fare, prison beds, and prison labour. Perhaps the labour, that is, the treadmill, is the best thing for them, and deadens the mental infliction arising from the loss of liberty. But in many cases their health is seriously impaired by the various privations they undergo, yet, if they fall sick, they are not released, but consigned to the prison infirmary. In making these remarks we do not in the least grudge Mr. Yates's escape from completing a penalty which was unduly severe, considering that his offence was technical rather than actual. Our desire rather is to show that, for decent people of all classes, imprisonment may be and often is a very cruel punishment. It is worth considering whether in many cases a fine payable by instalments spread over a considerable period might not be substituted. Forty shillings, or a month! There is one law for the rich and another for the poor with vengeance. The one is a trifle (to a fairly well-to-do man) the other may be a life-long infliction.

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION.—Mr. Bryce's attempt to secure the disfranchiseism of the Universities was not successful; but it is very improbable that we have heard the last of his proposal. There may not be much force in what he said about the effect of politics upon University life, for influences of this kind could not in any case be excluded from the Universities. But the Democracy is likely to ask, by-and-by why a man who has taken a degree should have two votes when everybody else is obliged to content himself with one. The anomaly could be justified only if the Universities invariably, or generally, sent to Parliament a special class of members. Trinity College, Dublin, has good representatives who, if the Universities were deprived of the political rights, would probably find it hard to obtain Irish seats; and the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews have in Sir Lyon Playfair a member of whom any constituency might be proud. Sir Lyon seldom addresses the House except on the interests of science and education; but on these subjects he has always something to say that commands the attention of Parliament. Unfortunately, the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge appear to be more easily satisfied than the University electors of Ireland and Scotland. As a rule, they are content to be represented by respectable mediocrities, who have no better right than other people to speak about the subjects in which they ought to be especially interested; and this is no doubt the real reason why the movement with which Mr. Bryce has prominently associated himself is regarded with so much favour. If the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were to elect men of real eminence in science or literature, the University seat might even yet be saved; and it must be hoped that the necessity of this change will now be frankly recognised.



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DUFFERIN, drawn from Life.*

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN EGYPT

TOO LATE!—SIR CHARLES WILSON'S EXPEDITION TO KHARTOUM

On Saturday, January 24th, Sir Charles Wilson, with Captains Stuart, Gascoigne, and Trafford, and Major Stuart Wortley, with a detachment of the Royal Sussex Regiment and of the Egyptian troops who had come down the river from General Gordon, embarked on board the steamers *Bordein* and *Telovieihah*, and started from the British camp at Abu Kru for Khartoum. On Tuesday, January 27th, the enemy showed themselves in force on the banks and kept up a hot rifle fire upon the steamers, while natives shouted from the bank that Khartoum had fallen. Next day Tuti Island, which lies opposite Khartoum and at the junction of the Blue and White Nile, was sighted, and then the Arabs opened a tremendous fusilade with rifles and artillery from Omdurman. "For hours," wrote one correspondent, "a merciless fire was kept up upon our little craft, Krupp guns sending shell, and more antiquated cannon ordinary ball. Again and again the steamer was hit; sometimes the shells burst right over her, others fell on board; but the vessel miraculously escaped. The rifle fire, too, was like continuous hail upon the armoured bulwarks which sheltered our men. It was one sustained volley—sometimes from one side of the river and sometimes from the other—until Khartoum was reached, when the din became terrific, a rifle being directed against us from every nook, cranny, and loophole within range." For some time Khartoum had been visible, and dire forebodings had been aroused by the fact that Gordon's flag was no longer flying on Government House. As the steamer neared the city, the streets appeared to be swarming with the Mahdi's men; their banners could be easily distinguished, and there was no longer any doubt that Khartoum was in the possession of the enemy. Sir Charles Wilson then, considering any further advance to be a useless risk, ordered the steamers to return down the Nile. After steaming till dark the vessels were stopped for the night, and a native was sent on shore in the Mahdi's uniform to obtain news. He ascertained that Khartoum had been betrayed into the hands of the enemy by Farag Pasha, but heard different stories about Gordon's fate. One—that he was shot down on leaving Government House—has since been corroborated. The steamers were lightened by throwing overboard durra and ammunition, so as to enable them to pass the Cataract, and next morning the journey was continued. Below Jebel Royan, the *Telovieihah* struck and sank between two rocks, the guns, baggage, and soldiers, however, being saved, and transferred to a large unmasted nugga which she had been towing. The *Bordein* made the passage safely, and anchored for the night off an island. A Dervish, bearing a white flag, then came on board, and presented a letter from the Mahdi, stating that he had taken Khartoum, that Gordon was prisoner, and calling upon the English to submit and become Mahomedans. On January 30th the *Bordein* stranded for four hours near Shablücka, and on the following day she struck a rock and knocked a hole in her bottom, it being asserted that this mishap, like that to the *Telovieihah*, was the result of treachery on the part of the pilot. She was at once run ashore on an island, some three miles above the enemy's position, and the crew and soldiers were landed during the night. Major Wortley was then ordered to go Abu Kru for assistance, and accordingly, in small boat, with eight natives and four English, ran the gauntlet of the enemy's works, and after rowing hard for forty-two miles reached the British camp on the morning of February 1st.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

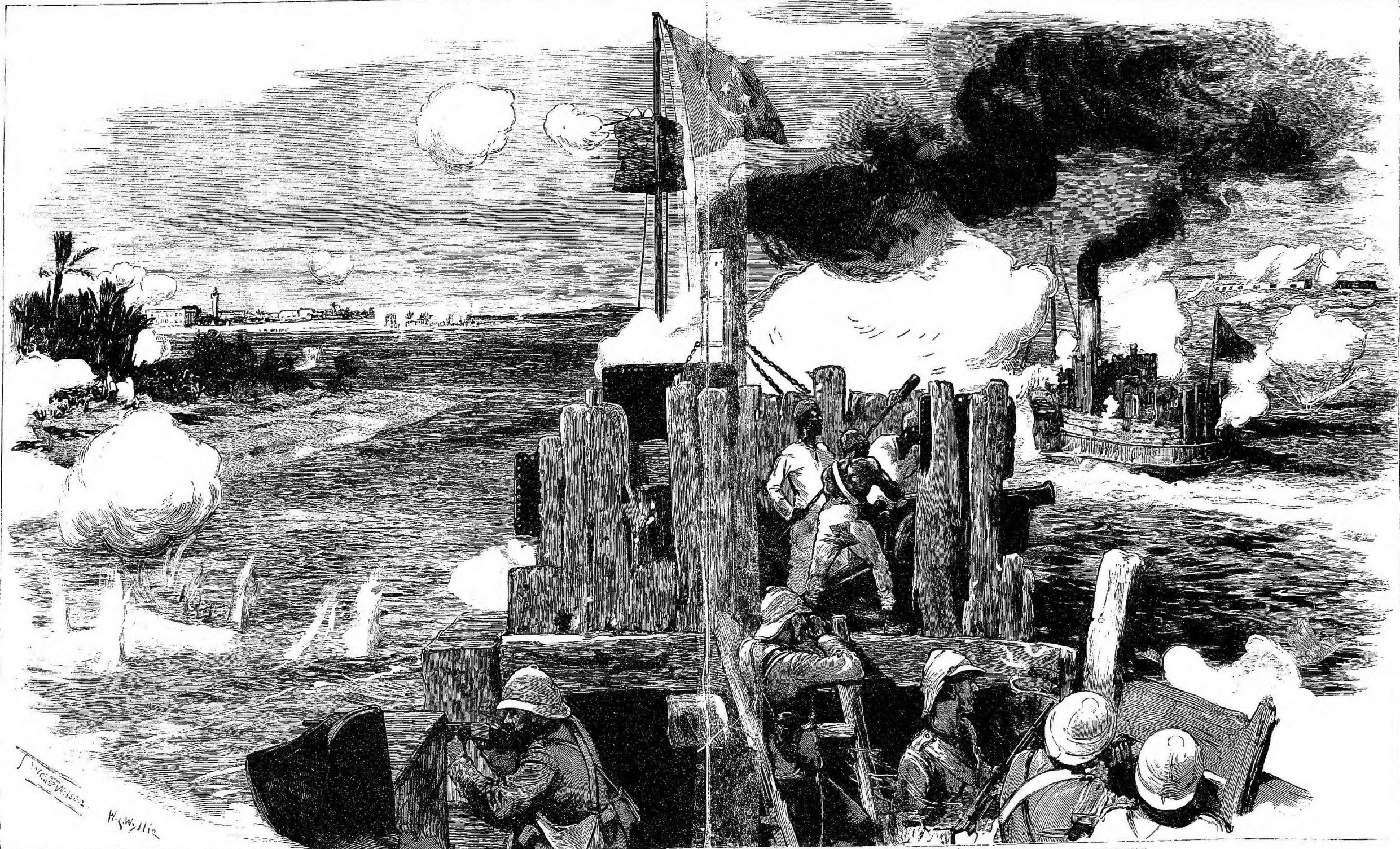
ISLAND OF TUTI

KHARTOUM

BLUE NILE

WHITE NILE

FORT AND TRENCHES OF OMDURMAN



MEN OF ROYAL SUSSEX FIRING AT THE CROWDS OF REBELS IN THE BUSHES ON THE ISLAND OF TUTI

GORDON'S MEN WORKING THE BRASS GUN

MEN OF ROYAL SUSSEX SHARPSHOOTING

THE ATTEMPT TO RESCUE GORDON—SIR CHARLES WILSON, IN THE STEAMERS "TELOWEIHAH" AND "BORDEIN," ATTEMPTING TO RUN
THE GAUNTLET TO KHARTOUM

FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN L. J. TRAFFORD, FIRST ROYAL SUSSEX, AND OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

"We arrived nearly opposite Omdurman at noon; when a heavy rifle fire opened from about one thousand rebels on the banks of the river and outside Khartoum. Their Krupp gun opened a fierce fire—four of them from Omdurman, two from Khartoum, two from Tuti and from the East bank. The attacking force was wearing the Mahdi's uniform, and had hundreds of flags. The enemy was in great force, swarming all over the low ground between the river and the city to the south-west, and coming openly out to engage Sir Charles Wilson's force."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD TO THE RESCUE

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD was immediately despatched in the steamer *Sofia* to the rescue, and at daybreak, on February 3rd, arrived within sight of the small island where Sir Charles Wilson and his party had taken refuge. A small fort, held in force by the enemy, however, lay between, and in passing this fort a murderous fire was opened upon the steamer from rifles and Krupp guns, while a well-aimed shell crashed through the vessel's side, and penetrated the boiler, from which dense clouds of steam poured forth. With admirable presence of mind Lord Charles Beresford at once let go the anchor, and ordered the boiler to be repaired, despite the enemy's fire, which was promptly replied to on the part of our men. A leaden storm was poured upon the ship for hours. "Our fire, too," stated Lord Charles Beresford, "was most exceptional, as is evidenced by the enormous quantity of ammunition expended. Our total loss was one killed (Petty Officer Edwin Curnow) and nine wounded, including Lieutenant E. Van Koughnet, together with two killed and twenty wounded of Gordon's troops. Seeing the unequal nature of the contest, it is certain that the vessel, which is of the poorest construction, must have been lost but for the machine guns, which, on this as on so many former occasions, proved simply invaluable, as for upwards of twenty-four hours the vessel lay exposed to the murderous fire from the enemy's battery." The accident was witnessed by Sir Charles Wilson, who, thinking that the boiler had burst, landed his men and four guns on the opposite side of the river to the enemy's fort, and speedily opened fire and silenced their batteries. He then bivouacked for the night. Meanwhile, by the exertions of Engineer Bendbow and his men, the boiler of the *Sofia* had been repaired, steam had been got up, and at dawn the steamer slipped past the fort, embarked Sir Charles Wilson and his troops, and, towing the niggard with the stores and ammunition, steamed down the river amid a terrible fire from the enemy, and reached Abu Kru on the evening of February 4th.

THE "DAILY NEWS" CORRESPONDENT IN THE SQUARE AT
ABU KRU

This sketch is explained by a note by our artist beneath the engraving.

THE BOAT IN WHICH COLONEL HAMILL STEWART LANDED

AMONGST the various relics which General Brackenbury found of this ill-fated officer and his companions near Hepbeh, at the village where they were murdered by Suleiman Gama and his followers, was the boat in which the little party evidently landed from the steamer which brought them from Khartoum. Of this we engrave a sketch, kindly forwarded by a military officer, as it lay on the bank. The steamer itself was also discovered, completely gutted. On shore other relics of the party were found in the form of some visiting-cards of Colonel Stewart, some papers belonging to Mr. Power and M. Herbin, and a shirt-sleeve stained with blood. The artist writes: "When we arrived at Berti, on February 3rd, we found on the bank, about two miles south, the dingy in which Colonel Stewart is supposed to have landed from his steamer. She is evidently Nile-built, and is spattered with bullet marks."

DOCTORING A CAMEL

"THIS sketch," writes a military officer, "represents an incident which often occurs in our camel lines: Camels are very subject to sore backs, and where this happens the sore has to be washed. To this proceeding the camel strongly objects. It takes three or four men and a rope round his hind legs to keep him down while the sore is being cleansed, and when he gets the rope loose he makes good use of his legs."

THE SHOEBOURNES EXPLOSION—PORTRAITS OF
THE OFFICERS KILLED

LAST week we gave some account of the appalling disaster which occurred on the afternoon of February 26th, at the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness. The shell which exploded was a newly-designed 6-inch steel shell, of the modern elongated pattern, weighing about 150lb. The accident occurred from the premature action of a sensitive base percussion fuse. Those who were killed at the time or afterwards succumbed to the injuries inflicted upon them were Colonel W. A. Fox-Strangways, R.A., Commandant and Superintendent of Experiments at the School of Gunnery; Colonel F. Lyons, Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory Department, Woolwich Arsenal; Captain F. M. Goold-Adams, an Artillery officer; Warrant Officer Dakin; and Gunners Allen and Underwood. Fifteen persons also were more or less seriously injured. Gunner Allen, who stood over the shell when it exploded, was literally blown to pieces.

WALTER ASTON FOX-STRANGWAYS, son of a Devonshire clergyman, and nephew of General Strangways (who was killed by the bursting of a shell at the Battle of Inkerman), was born in 1832, and entered the Royal Horse Artillery in 1850. He served through the whole of the Crimean campaign, for his services in which he received the medal with four clasps, the Turkish medal, and was made Knight of the Legion of Honour. About three years ago he received the appointment which he held at the time of his death. In 1858 he married Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Buller, of Chase Lodge, Enfield. He had seen thirty-five years' service in the army.

FRANCIS LYON was born in 1834, entered the Royal Artillery in 1851, and served through the Indian Mutiny campaign, taking part in the siege and capture of Lucknow. For these services he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and received the medal with clasp. From 1871 to 1876 he was Assistant-Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, and was appointed Superintendent in 1880. He was an officer of high scientific attainments, and the subject of fuses was his favourite study. When his lamented death occurred he was about to be appointed Colonel on the Staff to command the Royal Artillery in the Western District. In 1863 he married the Hon. Flora Annesley, sister of Viscount Valentia. He had seen thirty-four years of service in the army.

FRANCIS MICHAEL GOOLD-ADAMS, second son of R. W. Goold-Adams, Esq., of Jamesbrook, County Cork, and grandson of Lady Becher (Miss O'Neill, the celebrated actress), was born in 1854, entered the Royal Artillery in 1873, and served as Lieutenant in the Afghan campaign of 1878-9, for his services during which he received the medal with clasp. He obtained his Captaincy in 1881. Since 1880 up to the time of his death he was successively Second Assistant and Assistant-Superintendent of Experiments at Shoeburyness. Captain Goold-Adams was a young officer of great promise; he invented several improvements in artillery methods, and he was highly skilled in the use of the weapons of his profession. In 1881 he married Evelyn Lucy, daughter of the Rev. E. Wynne, Rector of South Shoebury, and leaves three young children.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Colonel Fox Strangways by Coblin and Challis, Wellington Street, Woolwich; Captain Goold-Adams, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; while that of Colonel Lyon is from a lithographic drawing.

WITH THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION

SERGEANT GALINDO, of the 8th Hussars, who belongs to the Intelligence Party of the Afghan Boundary Commission, and to whom we are indebted for our sketches, writing at the close of the

year, speaks thus:—"We are now with the main body, encamped in our winter quarters, and likely to remain here for a month or six weeks, as there is generally heavy rain or snow during that time. The view of the camp in the Murghab Valley is taken from the front of the cavalry lines. The camp is curious and picturesque, consisting partly of tents and partly of 'kibitkas.' These latter are black felt-covered huts, in which the men are housed; the officers mostly stick to their canvas roofs. The chief features of the winter weather are piercing north winds and raw mists, with alternations of rain, snow, and hard frost. However, with plenty of warm clothes we make ourselves pretty comfortable. Everybody wears 'poshtees,' a sort of orange yellow. These coats are sometimes beautifully embroidered with coloured silks, and would cost in India forty or fifty rupees."

The 20th P.N.I. invited us, on New Year's night, to witness a sword dance. We found a large space cleared and kept by sentries of the regiment, and a big fire burning in the middle. In the ring round this the performances took place. There were first some dances by all the performers—a sort of rhythmic movement, accompanied by the waving and brandishing of swords. There were some displays of individual dexterity, the men performing a kind of 'moulinet' with the sword, whirling it round their heads, shoulders, under and over their arms, &c., with such rapidity that the eye could not follow its movements. They mostly fell on their knees to do this, and worked themselves backwards and forwards over the ground while performing. I have taken the moment when three of them were thus engaged at once. Their comrades are standing round and encouraging them, and the band of the regiment (consisting of the national pipes and drums, which produce a sound not unlike the national music of Scotland) is banging and blowing vigorously in front of them."

THE PESTONJEE HORMUSJEE CAMA OBSTETRIC
HOSPITAL AT BOMBAY

THE ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of this institution, near the Elphinstone High School on the Esplanade, was performed on the 22nd November last by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage, among whom were a number of Parsee ladies, clad in their many-coloured garments, and decked with costly jewellery. At the commencement of the ceremony the munificent donor of the hospital, Mr. Pestonjee Hormusjee Cama, was presented to the Duke of Connaught by Sir James Fergusson, the Governor of Bombay. Mr. Cama's nephew, Mr. K. R. Cama, then read an address setting forth the objects of the institution, which has cost his uncle 30,000/. The hospital is intended for the benefit of sick women and children of all sections of the people, who will be treated by duly-qualified lady doctors.

Mr. Cama is a retired merchant, and has already given large amounts in public and private charities. The Cama family are merchants of high standing and credit, well known in the commercial world. A branch of the firm has been established in London for five-and-twenty years, under the management of Mr. D. P. Cama, son of the benefactor above-mentioned. Mr. D. P. Cama has lived in London for the last sixteen years, and is well known for his donations to various charitable institutions connected with the Masonic craft.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Madame Fehrenbach, III, Strand, Bombay.

THE BURNS MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

A MONUMENTAL bust of Robert Burns, executed by Sir John Steell, and the result of a subscription limited in each case to a shilling, and contributed by many thousands of the poet's admirers in every part of the world, was unveiled in Westminster Abbey on Saturday. Before the simple ceremonial in the Abbey, which consisted mainly of the reading of a Collect by the Dean, Lord Rosebery and Dean Bradley addressed, in the Jerusalem Chamber, a large gathering of English and Scotch sympathisers, which included the clergy of the Chapter, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and several Scotch M.P.'s. Referring in the course of his remarks to the length of the interval between the death of Burns and this commemoration of him, Dean Bradley reminded his hearers that for a century and a half the dust of Chaucer lay in the Abbey unmarked and unhonoured by any monument; that nearly as long a period went by before any record of Shakespeare found a place in its walls; and that even Milton's name was for more than two generations unnoticed, except for a passing reference in the inscription to a forgotten poet. Dean Bradley might have added, but he did not, that when this "inscription to a forgotten poet"—Phillips, to wit—describing him as *soli Miltono secundus*, was shown to one of his predecessors in the Deanship of Westminster, Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, he refused to admit it, considering the name of Milton too detestable to be read on the Abbey walls. Atterbury, who succeeded Sprat as the Dean of Westminster, admitted it, and for a very good reason—the inscription was his own composition.

LORD DUFFERIN

See page 274

"COUSIN ISIDOR"

A NEW STORY, by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, and illustrated by Robert Barnes, is continued on page 277.

NEW CHUMS' EXPERIENCES IN AUSTRALIA

ACCORDING to the evidence of the correspondent by whom these sketches are supplied—perhaps he takes rather a cynical view—the young gentleman who lands in Australia with the view of seeking his fortune there is wont to begin in a dashing style which is too apt to end in collapse.

He dresses in the latest English fashion, he frequents the tavern bars and the theatres, he ogles the young ladies of the ballet at the opera, and he talks of the lucrative appointment he is going to get on the cattle station of a relative as soon as he has exhausted the excitements of Melbourne life.

How different is his appearance a few weeks afterwards, when, his cash being spent, he is forsaken by the so-called friends whom he had picked up in the bars and *cafés*. He wanders about, and envies the working man whom he sees dining at a sixpenny restaurant. He returns hungry to the empty water tank or boiler on Coles' Wharf where he has lately taken up his residence.

But presently he is ejected by the police from this primitive lodging-house, and then, having managed to procure a few blankets, a "billy" (kettle), and a little advice, he, and some other new chums, equally down upon their luck, start for Riverina.

Weary-hearted and sore-footed they arrive at a station, and being asked by the overseer if they can do any "fencing," reply interrogatively, "Single-stick or foils?" which excites his merriment.

However, his heart is as tender as their feet, and, after telling Smith in the "bell-topper" to get a new hat out of the store, and chuck that "stove-pipe" away, he promises them a job, and in the mean time sends them into the kitchen for a feed.

At his first mount the new chum is told to hold on with his spurs, and, of course, gets what the stockman calls a "purler." However, as the months pass, he gradually gets smarter and more up to his work, till after a year the once-despised new chum can hold his own with any man in the hut. This remark extends to the nightly game at cards.

After a while, perhaps, he is sent down to Melbourne in charge of a mob of cattle. He can scarcely believe that he once looked like those new chums whom he sees sauntering about.

PENNY DINNERS FOR SCHOOL BOARD CHILDREN

THE movement for supplying good substantial meals to poor school children at cost price was originated eight years ago by Sir Henry Peck at his Free Schools at Rousdon. In 1883 Mr.

Mundella testified in the House of Commons to the beneficial results of these dinners to the children, and last year the first centres were organised in London by Mr. C. D. Fuller and Mr. W. Bousfield at Barnsbury and Chelsea. Their example was quickly followed in other districts, and the attention of School Board Committee was called to the movement by the Committee of Representative Managers, who issued a circular pointing out the fact that many children were unable to learn from being insufficiently fed, and that something might be done towards mitigating this evil by establishing centres where substantial and nutritious dinners might be provided at the prime cost of a penny. Experiments proved that with a sufficient attendance of children the dinners could be made perfectly self-supporting, and thus the movement could be rendered absolutely co-operative, and all danger of pauperising the children by indiscriminate charity would be avoided. In order to give cohesion to the movement a Conference of School Board managers, teachers, and those interested in the question was called last autumn, and a Central Council was appointed under the presidency of Mr. Mundella, to assist and advise new centres and receive the reports of the progress and experience of those already established. There are now some thirty centres in full working order, and mainly paying their own way. To an outsider the number and variety of dinners which can be given for a penny a head is surprising, especially when, with an attendance of 100 children, that penny covers the cost of firing, cook's wages, an materials, interest on plant, which usually costs about 1*l*., excepted, while with an attendance of 200 a rent of 5*s*. a week can be paid. Of course there must be a staff of voluntary helpers, usually ladies, who take a turn once a week, and who wait upon the children and help the cook in serving out the portions, while one lady usually undertakes the duty of treasurer, and superintends the commissariat and stores. Thus, what may be called the Penny Dinner menu includes Irish stew, meat and vegetables, bacon and potatoes, haricot beans and bacon, meat pudding, pea soup, mutton broth, roly-poly pudding, rice and milk, and currant pudding, while in most cases, in addition to a portion of one of the foregoing dishes, a slice of bread and jam can be afforded. The children vary considerably in their favourite dishes. In one centre they invariably ask for soup, in another the universal cry is for bread and bacon. The little folks have, however, very strong dislikes, and one and all object to macaroni—a foreign condiment with which they have no acquaintance, and which they liken unto worms. One centre suffered severely because the soup was made as nutritious as possible by being thickened with barley, in another the children strenuously resented any attempt to flavour pea-soup with mint, while much indignation was expressed at the bacon being cut too small—"like chew," as they rudely remarked. The children, however, are, as a rule, well-behaved, though a strong and ready hand is occasionally needed to put down over-boisterous spirits, which are apt to vent themselves by throwing crusts of bread at an opposite neighbour, or suddenly smacking an antagonist's face. On the whole, however, they are most orderly, and after a few weeks begin to show the results of good and regular feeding. Their masters and mistresses also testify to the improvement in their mental calibre—there being fewer signs of "over-pressure" in the diners, who are also far more energetic and cheerful. As a rule, it is found advisable only to give the dinners on four days a week, for on Monday the children are generally fairly well provided with the remains of Sunday's dinner, while on Saturday, of course, there is no school. The movement is now spreading widely, and the experiment is well worth trying in those districts where none exist. Those of our readers desirous of organising a Penny Dinner Centre should purchase a little work just published by the Council at the low price of a penny, entitled "Self-Supporting Penny Dinners for School Children," which contains numerous hints and tried recipes. It is published by Messrs. Alexander and Sheppard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn, and any further information will be afforded by the courteous Honorary Secretary to the Council, Mr. H. Forbes Clarke, Camden House, Hungerford Road, N.



THE SUCCESS OF THE STEP taken by the Government and the Leaders of the Opposition in deliberating in concert on the Redistribution Bill is producing fruit in another and important sphere of political action. It is understood that the successive stages of the critical negotiations with Russia on the Afghan frontier question are made the subject-matter of communications from the Government to the Opposition chiefs, a course of proceeding which cannot be injurious, and may be of advantage to the Imperial interests at stake.

THE POSSIBILITY OF A WAR WITH RUSSIA in addition to the demands made on our military resources by the operations in Upper Egypt renders more serious than ever the insufficient strength of our armaments. A consultation understood to have reference to this question of questions, and described as "important," was held at the Foreign Office on Tuesday, between Lord Granville, the Secretary of State for War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty.—The Government have resolved to propose an immediate increase of at least 15,000 men to the army.—A proposal will have to be made with the view of strengthening the militia. According to a recent return, while 137,991 militiamen are supposed to be on the establishment of the United Kingdom, the number actually enrolled is 113,787, and of these only a few more than 100,000 served at the last annual training.—The War Office has issued orders to commanders of military districts directing the immediate instruction in musketry of all untrained soldiers of the Line who have not been through the course.

ON MONDAY ten trained telegraphists of the Royal Engineers Reserve of the Post Office Volunteer regiment were paraded at St. Martin's-le-Grand, before proceeding to Aldershot to join the Royal Engineers, previously to embarking for Suakin. The Postmaster-General, by whom, among other speakers, they were addressed, said they would no doubt be posted between Suakin and the position of the army as it advanced, and he expressed the hope that they would all return in good health and spirits in the autumn.

THE SIXTH VOLUME of General Gordon's Diary, closing with the 14th December last, and written upon the backs of Egyptian telegraph forms, has arrived in London.—Within ten days from its inception the subscription to the Gordon National Memorial Fund reached the sum of 4,000/. A meeting of the Committee will soon be held to decide on the form of the Memorial.—The Government, in a Supplementary Estimate, intends to propose a Parliamentary Grant of 20,000/ to the family of General Gordon.

LORD CARRINGTON, a zealous supporter of Mr. Gladstone, and of the Liberal cause in Buckinghamshire, is to succeed Lord Augustus Loftus in the government of New South Wales.

THE CONSERVATIVES have won a considerable victory in West

Glocestershire by the return of their candidate, Mr. Ackers, for the seat vacant by the resignation of his Liberal predecessor, Colonel Kingscote. The Conservative majority was 411; Mr. Ackers receiving 4,837 votes against 4,426 given to Sir W. Murling, the Liberal candidate. Mr. Ackers polled some 200 votes more than the Conservative candidate at the General Election of 1880, while Sir W. Murling polled nearly 900 less than Colonel Kingscote on that occasion—a contrast not without significance.

MR. THOMAS RUSSELL, formerly Liberal M.P. for Buteshire, has been returned unopposed to fill the Glasgow vacancy, caused by Mr. Anderson's acceptance of a colonial appointment.

THE HOME DISTRICT ALONE will contribute a force of nearly 15,000 of all arms to the Volunteer Review, which is to be held on Brighton Downs on Easter Monday, under the command of General Sir G. H. Willis. Contingents from other districts are expected to raise the strength of the force to be reviewed to quite 22,000.

A PARNELLITE MANIFESTO is to be issued to the people of Ireland, recapitulating Irish grievances, and recommending an attitude of "respectful neutrality" during the approaching visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, after having disgusted all his right-thinking countrymen by his disloyal language in reference to the Royal visit, has now enraged the Nationalists by his apology for it. Driving in his state carriage to meet the remains of the Rev. Dr. Cahill on their arrival from America, he was so hissed and insulted by a mob at the railway station that he drove back at once to the Mansion House, leaving the object of his journey unattained.

ON TUESDAY, the anti-vivisection party was defeated in Oxford Convocation on a proposal to grant the sum of 500/- annually to defray the expenses of the newly-erected Physiological Laboratory. The Professor of Physiology, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, has pledged himself not to vivisect except in his private practice, but this exception, along with the fear that his successors might retract the concessions which he has volunteered, induced the anti-vivisectionists to oppose the grant. Active preparations had been made for some time on both sides for the contest on Tuesday, when between six and seven hundred members of Convocation, a master of a magnitude unknown for many years, made their appearance in the Sheldonian Theatre. The Dean of Christ Church led the supporters of the grant, and Canon Liddon its opponents. After other speeches, amid considerable clamour, undergraduates having been admitted, and the members being anxious for a division that they might catch their return-trains, the grant was approved by a majority of 108—412 voting for it, and 244 against it.

THE ELABORATE SCHEME framed by the Charity Commissioners for the reorganisation of Christ's Hospital was made public on Saturday. Within our limits it would be impossible to give even an outline of it. One or two of the most important of the changes recommended may be mentioned. The first is the division of the institution into two branches—one to consist of Hospital schools out of London, where the scholars, as at present, will be boarded; and the other of day-schools, to be established within a radius of three miles from the Royal Exchange. The number of scholars admitted to the benefits of the institution will be raised from 1,200 to 2,300; and for the first time girls, of whom there are to be 900, will receive an ample share of them. Perhaps the most striking change of any is the adoption of the principle of competitive examination for admission. To go no further than the Hospital schools, 107 places in the boys' school and 70 places in the girls' school are to be allotted for competition by children who shall have been for three years in any public elementary school in the metropolis, and have passed the Sixth Standard. A much larger number of free places in the day-schools are to be given to boys and girls; but these are not necessarily to be allotted by competitive examination.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE, containing seven or eight pounds of blasting powder, with elaborate clockwork machinery and fuse for firing it, was discovered on Saturday in the chimney of some unoccupied premises in Cork, near the Protestant Cathedral.

A FIRE which broke out on Saturday morning in an oil warehouse at 11, Winsley Street, Oxford Street, and which destroyed its contents and its roof, speedily extended to the warehouse of Messrs. Nicholay, furriers, and to the extensive premises of Messrs. Biddle, lace merchants, both in Oxford Street, doing much damage to the contents. Fears were entertained for the safety of Oxford Market, the building No. 1 in it, occupied by a firm of confectioners, having its contents and roof destroyed. Several houses in Winsley Street were more or less damaged. By half-past six in the evening, after strenuous exertion, Captain Shaw proclaimed the fire to be "surmounted," and the extinction of one of the most serious conflagrations which has occurred for years in that neighbourhood was gradually effected.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,495 deaths were registered, against 1,569 during the previous seven days, a fall of 74, being 300 below the average, and at the rate of 19·1 per 1,000. There were 16 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 2, and 12 below the average), 52 from measles (a rise of 23, and 21 above the average), 15 from scarlet fever (a fall of 1), 15 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 37 from whooping-cough (a fall of 8), 7 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, 7 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 2), and not one from typhus or cholera. There were 988 small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals on Saturday last, against 1,103 the previous week. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 374, and were 106 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 40 deaths; 33 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 9 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,623 births registered, against 2,709 the previous week, being 222 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 40·3 deg., and 0·1 deg. below the average. Rain fell on three days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0·60 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 16·3 hours, against 26·2 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Louisa, Dowager Countess of Kinnoull, mother of the present Earl; in his fifty-seventh year, during a visit to the Governor of Gibraltar, of the Hon. E. G. Curzon, commanding the troops at Shorncliffe; in his fifty-fifth year, of the Rev. R. Halley, formerly Principal of the Tettenhall Independent College, Wolverhampton, and biographer of his father, the historian of Lancashire Puritanism; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Charles Coupland, for nearly half a century chief officer of the Royal Bank of Ireland, which he was mainly instrumental in founding; in his ninety-seventh year, at Erith, of John Hubbard, a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran, who, enlisting in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was one of the 100 volunteers for the forlorn hope at the storming of St. Sebastian in 1813, and was with his regiment at Waterloo, but having never been wounded, and being only a seven years' man, had to wait for the Royal Warrant of 1874 to receive a pension of £32. a day; in his seventy-third year, of Mr. M. E. Hadfield, of Sheffield, the architect who designed the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Salford, the Duke of Norfolk's Sheffield residence, the Great Northern Hotel at Leeds, and many other important buildings in the manufacturing districts; and in his seventyninth year, of Mr. Louis Haghe, Honorary President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, a native of Belgium, well known both as a painter in water-colours and as a lithographer.



How it becomes possible at a great crisis temporarily to restore the old traditions of Parliamentary conflict, and to present the House of Commons in a dignified position, is shown just now in view of the Afghan difficulty. As soon as it was made known that Russia was held at bay in Central Asia by the firm attitude of the British Government, members of the peculiar standing of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Sir Henry Wolf, and Mr. Onslow set themselves to the old familiar task of badgering the Government. On the very night the news was made known, these three gentlemen were on their feet girling at Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, and suggesting evil deeds on the part of the Cabinet. The attack being unexpected, or at least delivered without notice, Lord Edmond was left to resist it as best he might. But on the next evening Mr. Gladstone came forward, and announced in unmistakeable manner that in the grave circumstances of the hour the Government must decline in the interests of the public service to answer delicate questions put with respect to Afghanistan. What effect this reproof standing by itself would have had was promptly shown. The Premier had scarcely resumed his seat before Mr. Onslow was on his feet demanding to know in detail what was the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Central Asia.

The Leaders of the Opposition, however, moved by patriotic impulse, are not disposed to permit these little *divertissements* at question time. Refraining themselves from embarrassing the Government by public catechism, they have enjoined silence upon their followers, and thus, whilst momentous issues are going forward around Herat, the voice of faction is silent in the House of Commons. This is peculiarly hard on Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who had two strings to his bow, both of which turn out useless in his hands. There was the Colonial question as affected by Prince Bismarck. But scarcely had he put down his notice on the paper when the German Chancellor sent over here his son bearing the olive branch, and, as Lord Granville puts it, "the friction between England and Germany on this question is a thing of the past." Another trouble which the member for Eye has to bear without open complaint is the incursion of Sir Henry Tyler upon his peculiar field. This gentleman, after long silence, has suddenly broken out all over the world, wanting to know all kinds of things in the true Bartlettian style. It was only the other day he went to the expense of telegraphing to Suakin to inquire whether the assistance of Italy would be acceptable for the rescue of the garrison at Kassala. Of course, if the answer had been in the affirmative Sir Henry Tyler would have immediately despatched the Italian troops. Nothing came of the inquiry. But its scope, its disregard of the cost of foreign telegraphing, and its largeness of view could not fail to be alarming to the member for Eye, who for so long has had charge of the wide field of foreign politics.

The Government have parted the week into two divisions. Mondays and Thursdays are devoted to pushing forward Supply: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays being given up to the Seats Bill. This last measure got into Committee on Friday night early enough to supply full opportunity for discussion on Mr. Bryce's amendment to disfranchise Universities. The discussion had, indeed, reached its natural conclusion just after midnight, when the Parnellites suddenly appeared on the scene, and claimed their right to have something like a sitting to themselves. Mr. W. Redmond was adroitly put up with the object of bringing about a collision that should break up the debate and lead to ultimate adjournment. In these little matters of selecting particular people to perform certain duties the managers of the Parnellite party are exceedingly clever. Thus on Wednesday in last week, when the debate on going into Committee on the Seats Bill had so plainly languished that a division was imminent, Mr. Biggar was put up to carry on the debate till a quarter to six, when it must necessarily be adjourned. Mr. Parnell had announced his intention of making a speech, and up to the last moment he had been looked for. But private matters more urgent than the convenience of Parliament or the prospects of a great measure kept him away. Accordingly, Mr. Biggar, who has proved his capacity to talk for four hours at a stretch, was put up to stave off the division—a task he triumphantly accomplished.

On Friday night a much more subtle scheme was devised for carrying over the debate on Universities. The House regards with varied feelings the different members of Mr. Parnell's party, feelings it must in justice be said largely tempered by kindly forbearance, and anxious desire not to let personal prejudice act to the detriment of an individual or a cause. But it simply cannot stand Mr. William Redmond, who has neither information, good manners, modesty, nor humour to recommend him. He had already before midnight on Friday thrust himself thrice under the notice of the House. For him to rise again and, above all, to display his ignorance in discussion of a University question was sure to bring about an explosion. He was accordingly put up at a quarter to twelve, when members were all waiting for the division. The anticipated consequence followed. He was received with a howl of despairing disgust, and cries of "Divide!" interfered with his oration, though he was distinctly heard to lay down the axiom that neither learning nor property should have any weight in qualifying a man for a vote. As the House would not listen to him, Mr. Redmond, remorselessly using the power a trusting House has placed in the hands of its least responsible member, moved to report progress, and so public business was snuffed out, as the gasman might have turned off the gas and left the senators in darkness.

The debate was resumed on Tuesday, and the division taken, with disastrous results for the Parnellites—supposing them to be seriously concerned in their opposition to the principle of University representation. On Friday night a strong whip had been issued on behalf of Professor Bryce's motion, and there was an attendance of Radicals which, though it could not have carried the amendment, would have made an imposing demonstration against University representation. Disgusted with the tactics of the Parnellites, and feeling that the question had by their interposition been removed outside the bounds of serious discussion, Mr. Bryce's supporters could not be got together again. Many were present in the House during the earlier part of the sitting, but would not take the trouble to wait for the farce of the division. The consequence was that only 79 voted for the amendment, a considerable proportion being gentlemen of the nationality and personal weight of Mr. W. Redmond. The Seats Bill was taken again on Wednesday and to-day (Friday), fair progress being made in spite of the systematic inaction of the Irish members, who do not disguise their intention of obstructing all public business with the ultimate object of delaying the renewal of the Crimes Act.

Supply brought with it on Monday some delicate questions, in which even the existence of the Ministry was involved. The votes that came under discussion were for supplementary estimates on account of expenditure in the Soudan. The Radicals, confident in the belief that they could do the Government no harm, since on Votes in Supply they would be sure to receive the assistance of the Conservative party, determined to deliver their souls on the Soudan question. The first point of attack was the proposal to increase the army by three thousand men. Lord Hartington, in moving the vote, was careful to point out that it did not raise the question of the

Expedition to Khartoum. It was on account of movements already completed in the Soudan, or others following therefrom. With an earnestness that struck the Conservatives as suspicious, he showed that the army now gathering under the command of General Graham was primarily destined for the specific purpose of smashing Osman Digna, and so securing the safety of Lord Wolseley and his troops. Lord Hartington spoke of the expedition to Khartoum as being "probably ultimately necessary." This evidence of indecision, whilst it only partially mollified the Radicals, greatly incensed the Conservatives. But, combinations between the two being impossible, the night's discussion ended in the Votes being agreed to by large majorities.



THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA has written the libretto of an opera, *Neaga*, which has just been produced at Stockholm with great success.

Saints are cheap in Mexico. A railway recently bought 300 wooden saints at 2s. apiece, to use as fuel, the natives having stolen the images from the churches.

DIRECT STEAM COMMUNICATION by water between Cologne and London will shortly be tried. A screw steamer has been built at Mainzheim, fitted both for river and sea navigation, and will make her trial trip this month.

A PENAL COLONY IN ALASKA is proposed by the Americans as a means alike of utilising their new acquisition, and of relieving the States of criminals. All convicts would be furnished with a permanent and suitable residence.

PUG DOG PARTIES are the latest absurdity in American society. Fond owners bring their canine pets, and vie with each other in producing the best specimen of the breed. It is also fashionable for ladies to leave the visiting cards of their dogs with their own when paying a call.

SPRING BIRDS have appeared unusually early in Germany this season. In South Thuringia the larks are singing, and the storks have come back to their old nests, while starlings and wagtails arrived three weeks ago, and have been snowed up as a hint that they had made a mistake in their calendar.

A CHURCH OMNIBUS has been established in an American country district, where the congregation are scattered far from their place of worship. The members subscribed to buy the vehicle, lend their horses in turn, and the omnibus every Sunday carries some 12 or 18 people, who could not otherwise accomplish the distance. So the New York *Christian Union* tells us.

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS were very nearly connected in a recent duel near Lyons. Two young men fought for the sake of a fair lady, but were such bad shots that, though neither adversary was touched, a stray ball killed an unlucky cow grazing near. The dispute of honour turned into a dispute as to who should pay for the deceased cow, and both combatants fled ignominiously from the field.

ONE OF THE FAVOURITE PARISIAN SUMMER RESORTS, the Forest of St. Germain, seems in a bad way. It is proposed to use part of the forest as an outlet for the Paris sewage, the authorities being highly puzzled where to direct their drains; while another portion will be used as quarries for building-stone. English visitors know well the lovely view from St. Germain's Terrace bordering the forest, and will regret any attempt to mar so charming a spot.

AN ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION will be opened at Mr. Gutnick's Galleries, 103, New Bond Street, on April 23rd, and will remain open three weeks. Some Soudan photographs sent home by the late Mr. Cameron, the *Standard* correspondent, will be included in the collection, and numerous prizes are offered. Intending exhibitors may communicate with Mr. T. C. Hepworth, at the offices of the London Stereoscopic Company, 108, Regent Street.

THE NATIONAL CELEBRATION OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, on April 1st, promises to be a very grand affair. Over 35,000/- has already been subscribed as a public offering, and one of the chief features will be a splendid torchlight procession, organised by the army, civilians, students, and artists. Members of the Berlin Art Academy have designed twelve groups for this procession, representing an allegorical homage to the Chancellor.

THE HONOUR OF NAMING A NEWLY-DISCOVERED PLANET may now be bought for 50/- The well-known Viennese astronomer, M. Palisa, who last year discovered six fresh small planets, offers to name the latest found after any one who will give him 50/- towards the expenses of an expedition he wants to fit out for observing the eclipse of the sun in August, 1886. Here is an opportunity for some devoted swain to pay a perfectly novel compliment to his lady-love.

Egyptian exploration is still being vigorously carried on, notwithstanding the troubles of war. Dr. Schweinfurth has now surveyed nearly 1,000 miles of the eastern desert tract between the Nile and the Red Sea, visiting the celebrated Mount Chanianus (Djebel Faterah). There granite quarries have existed since the time of Trajan and Hadrian, and the plan of the locality now being made by the German traveller will show how the Pharaohs built and kept in repair their great prisons in the midst of the desert.

LENTEN AUSTERITY in Paris this year is chiefly displayed in the ladies' toilettes. Fair devotees adopt sober and ecclesiastical colours, mostly violet or dark blue, appropriately named "St. Thérèse," "Capuchin," "Bishop's Blue," and "Nuns' Thoughts." Very little jewellery, a single black pearl in the ears, costly and quaint crosses of all forms and size—Breton, Norman, Maltese, and handsome amethyst or ruby rosaries. No flowers must be worn on Fridays, but a simple bunch of real violets is allowed on other days.

THE OUTCRY AGAINST TRIMMING HEADGEAR AND DRESSES with small birds or their wings raised by a few humane English people might well be extended across the Atlantic. The small birds of New Jersey are fast disappearing through this fashionable mania, and it is proposed to introduce a bill making such capture penal for several years. Bands of bird-hunters fairly ravage the State, smearing the branches with bird lime to take their prey alive, as shooting injures the plumage. In one small city alone a bird-collector received an order from New York for 10,000 skins.

SPECIAL "LETTER TRAINS" BETWEEN LONDON AND THE NORTH are to be introduced from July 1st. Instead of night mails being conveyed, as at present, by fast trains also carrying passengers, they will be sent by a special express, leaving London at 8.30 P.M., taking no passengers, and completing the journey to Perth in eleven hours—the quickest railway travelling in the world. The letter special from the North will be due in London at 4.10 A.M. These trains will be used for the through letters to Scotland, North Wales, and Ireland, cross and local letters being sent by the ordinary "limited" mails, which will also take supplementary correspondence. Fifteen years ago the journey by limited mail from London to Aberdeen—542 miles—occupied sixteen hours. Now it will take thirteen hours and twenty-four minutes, at a mean speed of forty-six miles per hour, allowing for stoppages.



COL. FRANCIS LYON, R.A.
Superintendent, Royal Laboratory

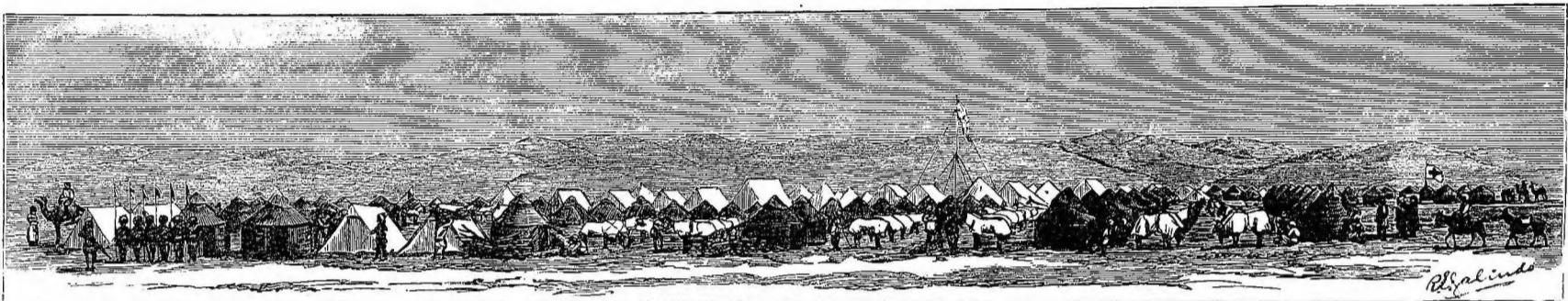


COL. W. A. FOX-STRANGWAYS, R.A.
Superintendent, School of Gunnery

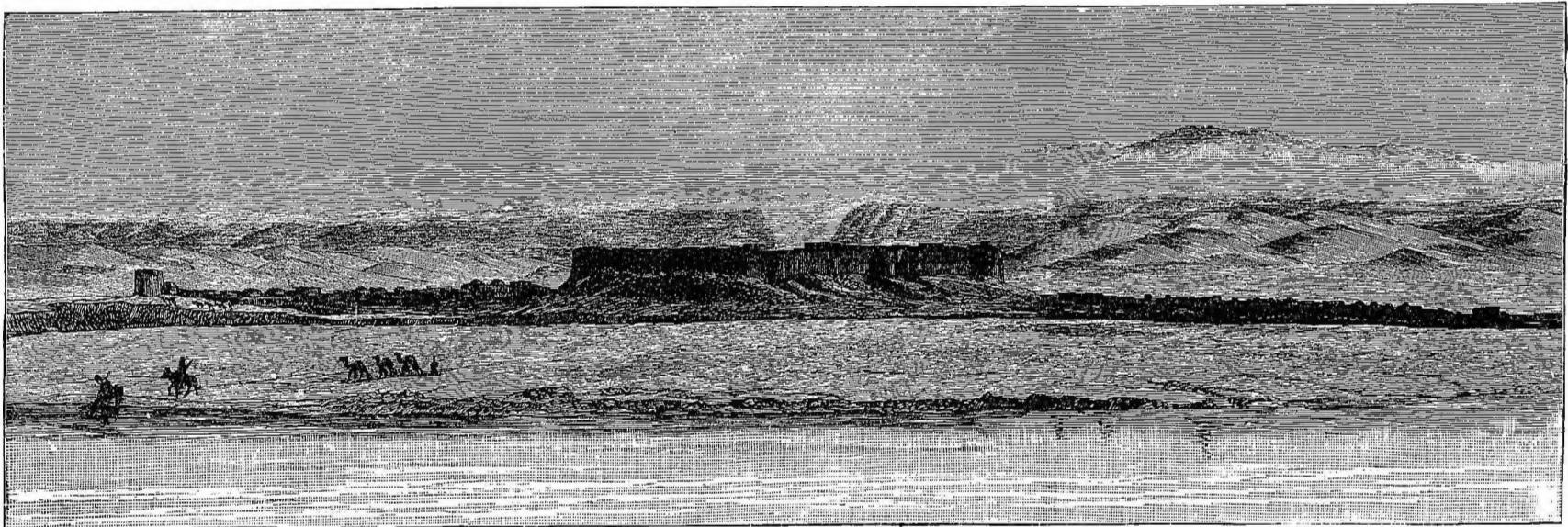


CAPT. F. M. GOOLD-ADAMS, R.A.
Assistant Superintendent of Experiments

THE DISASTROUS SHELL EXPLOSION AT SHOEBOURNESS—PORTRAITS OF THE OFFICERS KILLED



WINTER CAMP OF THE COMMISSION AT BALA-MURGHAB

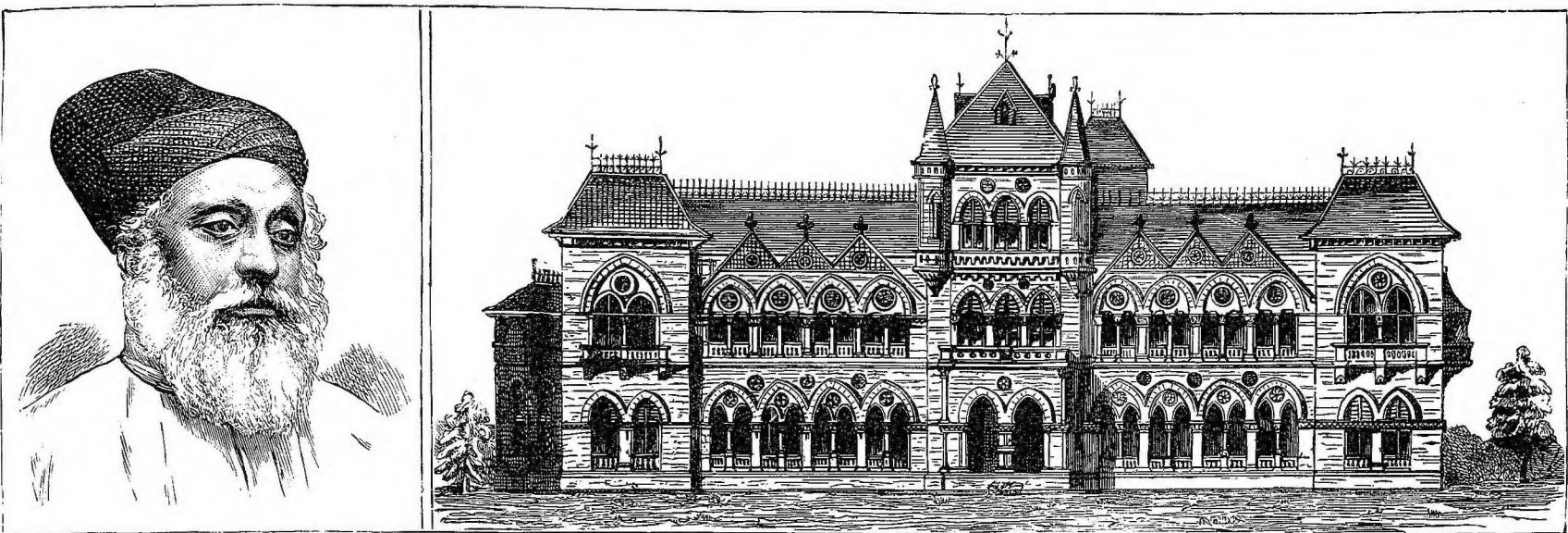


FORT AND TOWN OF BALA-MURGHAB



A NATIVE SWORD DANCE

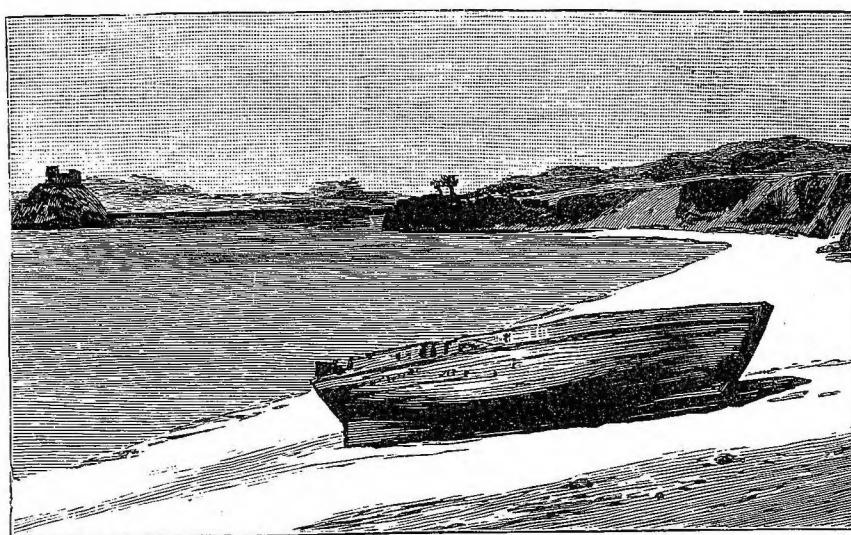
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER WITH THE BRITISH BOUNDARY COMMISSION



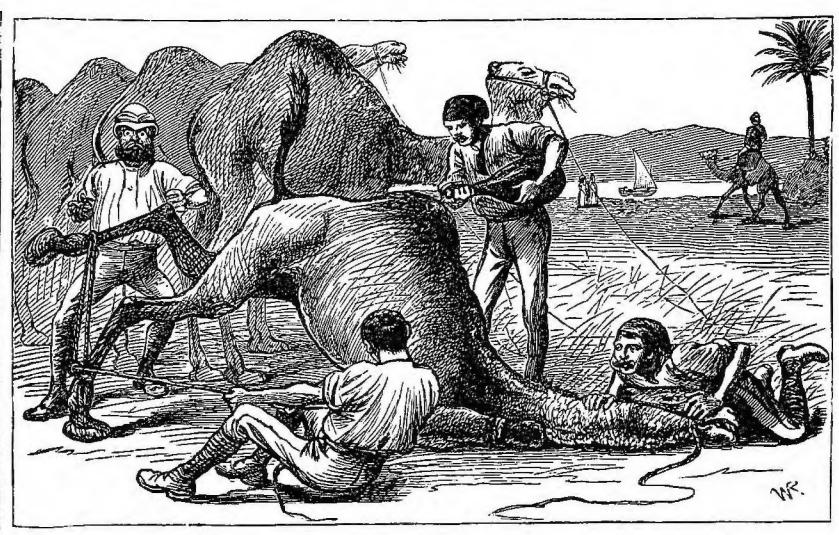
MR. P. H. CAMA, PARSI MERCHANT
Founder of the Cama Obstetric Hospital

THE CAMA OBSTETRIC HOSPITAL, BOMBAY

A NATIVE CHARITY IN BOMBAY

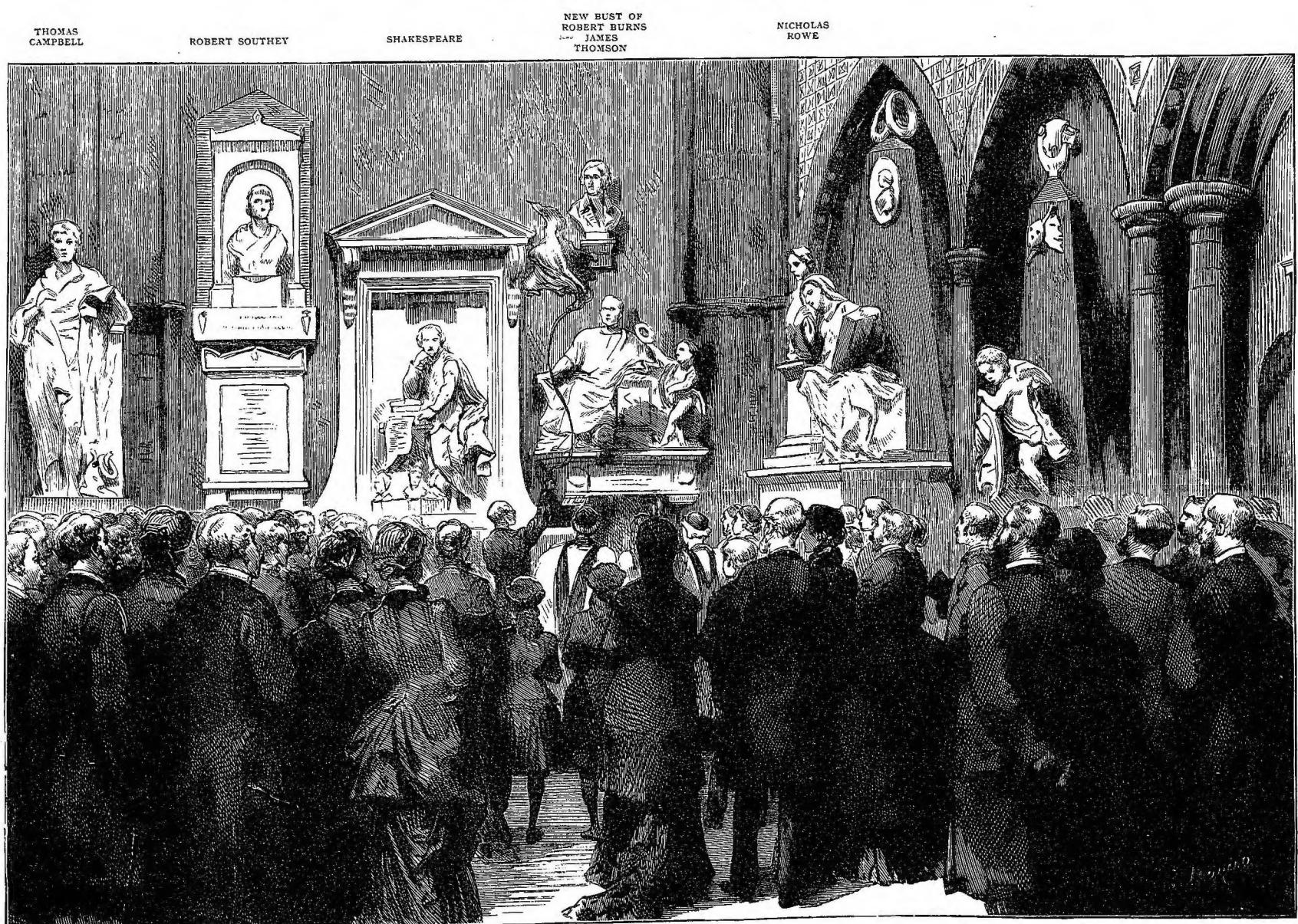


THE DINGY IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED COLONEL HAMIL STEWART AND MR. POWER
LANDED NEAR BERTI JUST BEFORE THEIR MURDER
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



DOCTORING A SICK CAMEL
From a Sketch by a Military Officer

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN



LORD ROSEBERRY UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL BUST OF ROBERT BURNS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



OUR troops on the Nile are now preparing to go into summer quarters, and, face the Mahdi and his generals, a period of comparative inactivity may be looked forward to for the next few months. General Brackenbury and his force have now returned, the difficulties of the voyage down the river having been surmounted with the loss of three men and six boats, while General Butler and Lord Charles Beresford have come into Korti from Gakdul with their respective detachments. The only military operation is a little expedition made by Colonel Barrow and his Hussars into the desert in order to capture a gang of marauders who have been harassing the troops on their way back from Gakdul. The brigands were unearthened, but escaped, only two being shot. The advanced post of Lord Wolseley's forces is now at Abu Dom, opposite Merawi, under Colonel Butler. General Dormer will be left in charge of the troops at Korti, having his headquarters at Ambukol, while Lord Wolseley will transfer his headquarters to Dongola, the troops being distributed in various detachments along the river, with the exception of two brigades of all arms, who will be held in immediate readiness for action, respectively under the command of General Dormer and General Brackenbury. The latter will have his headquarters at Hannek, near Debueh, so that the troops will be scattered along a line of 140 miles. The Egyptian troops will occupy Merawi, and form a chain of communication with the various British posts. The troops will be housed in reed and mud huts, as the tents would be unbearable in the great heat. The weather even now is terribly oppressive, and the hot wind is described as a blast from a furnace. The announcement that Lord Wolseley's eyes have been seriously affected is contradicted, and he is officially stated to be in excellent health. He has been busy this week parading the various detachments of troops, praising them for their exertions, and communicating to them Her Majesty's message of thanks.

At Suakin the troop-ships with the English and Indian reinforcements continue to arrive, and the little harbour is now full of steamers. The nature of the work done by the engineers in constructing jetties, &c., is thus simply inestimable. General Graham left Cairo on Monday, and on his arrival preparations for an advance in force against Osman Digma will probably be made without delay, as he will in a few days have 12,000 men at his disposal. That chieftain, undismayed by the continual arrival of troops, maintains a bold front, and has even sent a letter to the English reminding them of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army, the defeat of General Baker, and the fall of Khartoum, but saying nothing of Tamai or El Teb. He warns the British not to venture outside Suakin, as if they do so the army will be driven into the sea, none being spared save those who will embrace Mahomedanism and become the Mahdi's soldiers. Our troops are being disposed in a semi-circle before the town, the Indians on the south and the Guards on the north-west. At present all are in good health, and the water supply is stated to be excellent. From recent reconnaissances the enemy are estimated to be about 10,000 strong, and that they are prepared to do battle is evident from the fact that they have sent their women and cattle into the mountains. At present they are carrying on a warfare of assassination, and several of our Indian troops have been stabbed in the night by Arabs, who have crept unperceived past the sentries. As to the Mahdi himself, he is stated to have retired to Abbâb Island, on the White Nile, where he began his career as a holy man. His plan of campaign is generally thought to be the strengthening and fortification of Berber, Metemmeh, and Khartoum, and to await the onset of the British. He has enormous stores of ammunition and rifles, and plenty of artillery, but is stated to be somewhat short of food supplies.

Our difficulties with RUSSIA show few signs of abating this week, and it is confidently stated that in place of being withdrawn, the Russian outposts on the Afghan border have been advanced, and that in obedience to orders from the Home Government, Sir Peter Lumsden is undertaking the organisation of the Afghan defence, and with his little force is posted at Gurlin in the Robat Pass, leading from the line of the Russian advance upon the Hari Rud to Herat. The Ameer also is announced to have officially asked England's help to strengthen the fortifications of Herat, and probably by this time Sir Peter Lumsden's engineers have the work in hand. Additional troops also have been sent to the Pishin valley, so that a British force can now be speedily thrown into Herat should such a measure become necessary. The Russian journals at present teem with warlike articles, and the St. Petersburg *Vedomosti*, an organ well in the confidence of the Foreign Office, asks, "Since when has Afghanistan been placed under British Protectorate, and which of the Powers has recognised England's pretensions thereto?" In Central Asia also, besides advancing her outposts, it is stated that Russia is effecting an active concentration of her troops. The mounted batteries of the Turkestan Horse Artillery, which are specially organised for Asiatic warfare, have just been increased from four to six guns per battery, with a corresponding increase of men in the ranks. Troops are also said to be moving from the Caucasus. Foreign opinion is greatly exercised regarding the possibility of an Anglo-Russian War, and, though it is considered unlikely that hostilities will break out, it is thought that Russia will not draw back until England shows her "a drawn sword and not an empty scabbard."

In GERMANY, Lord Granville's conciliatory utterances with regard to the strained relations between the English and German Cabinets, and the mission to London of Count Herbert Bismarck, have to all appearance once more established a good understanding between England and Germany, and there is now little doubt that the colonial differences in New Guinea and Western Africa are satisfactorily arranged. The *North German Gazette*, in commenting upon Lord Granville's statement as to Prince Bismarck's advice that "England should take upon herself to represent the interests of Europe in Egypt," pronounces it to be quite correct, but of far more importance is the announcement that Count Herbert's mission has resulted in the recognition by England of the German claims to the large stretch of West African territory from the Rio del Rey to the Cameroons, with the exception of the settlement at Victoria of the Baptist missionaries. This district, it may be remembered, was a portion of that placed under a British Protectorate by Consul Hewett last autumn, when Dr. Nachtigal made his sudden descent upon the Cameroons, and the proceeding was warmly resented by Germany as an unfriendly act. In return Germany promises not to interfere with any territory west of the Rio del Rey, and to leave the right of treating with the Niger chiefs exclusively with England, so that the whole coast northwards, from the Rio del Rey to Cape Three Points, beyond Cape Coast Castle, will be under the British flag. As to the rumour that the German flag has been hoisted in the English settlement of Victoria, nothing is known of the matter in Berlin official circles. Such an act is frankly declared to "be contrary to the law of nations," and it is thought that the incident must have occurred on some portion of the territory claimed by the Polish adventurer-Rogozinski, in the name of England. That Germany is fully determined to maintain her interests in the South Seas is manifest by the formation of a squadron for

the Australian and Western Pacific waters, consisting of four vessels, the frigate *Stosch* (16 guns), the corvette *Marié* (10 guns), the cruiser *Albatross* (4 guns), and the gunboat *Hyena* (4 guns). Turning to home affairs, the Brunswick Diet has been reopened, and the Minister of State, Count Goertz-Wrisberg, has announced that the situation with regard to the succession to the Throne is practically unchanged. Should this remain so at the expiration of a year from the Duke's death, the Government and the Council of Regency would immediately lay before the Diet the proposals required by the Regency law.

IN FRANCE, as in Germany and Russia, England and her policy have been the foremost topic. Lord Granville's utterances with regard to Germany have been denounced as humiliating and degrading to England's pride and honour, and the Elysée organ, the *air*, declares that "England, the proud England, has struck her flag at the summons of M. de Bismarck. The prostration of Lord Granville has made her a satellite revolving in the Bismarckian orbit." The idea of any *rapprochement* between England and Germany is evidently causing considerable misgivings, which are not lessened by the reflection that the advances to France offered by Prince Bismarck were only made as a *pis aller* in consequence of their rejection by England. There is little of outside interest stirring in French home political circles. The Chamber has now definitely passed the enhanced Corn Duties Bill, and the discussion of the Budget as amended by the Senate has been the only other topic for debate, the Deputies striking out—despite the opposition of the Minister of Public Worship—the amendments restoring the salaries of the Archbishop of Paris and other Clerical dignitaries to their original figure. From China, General Brière de Lisle reports that the Chinese were compelled to raise the siege of Thuyen Quang (north of Tonkin) on March 2, the garrison having fought most brilliantly for eighteen days. General Negrér has also been actively employed on the frontier, near Langson, has destroyed the Chinese forts, magazines, and large quantities of ammunition, and has blown up the Gate of China.

IN INDIA the Russian advance in Central Asia and the approaching meeting between the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Viceroy at Rawul Pindi are exciting the greatest possible interest. The firm attitude of the Government towards Russia is universally applauded, and the utmost loyalty is shown in all native circles. Lord Dufferin is evidently alive to the situation, and a large force of 20,000 men and sixty guns under Sir Michael Biddulph is being assembled at Rawul Pindi professedly in honour of the Ameer, but with a view of advancing upon Herat if necessary. The Ameer will come to the Durbar, attended by 2,000 of his own troops, together with 200 tribal chiefs, and is expected at Rawul Pindi on the 28th inst., having left Cabul on the 20th.

IN THE UNITED STATES President Cleveland's inaugural address has created a good impression, and he has commenced his term of office in a modest, unassuming way. He will not follow the example of President Arthur and Mr. Frelinghuysen in giving sumptuous entertainments, but intends to conduct his domestic *régime* with Republican simplicity. General Grant is growing gradually worse, and now only hopes to live a month, by which time he will have completed the memoirs of his military campaign, on which he works whenever his ailments permit him. He suffers most intense agony, and is unable to retain any other nourishment than liquid.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS considerable anxiety is felt in TURKEY with regard to Albania and Macedonia, which is in a dangerous state of anarchy and revolt.—IN CENTRAL AMERICA Guatemala and Nicaragua are stated to have declared war, owing to President Barrios, of the former State, having proclaimed the union of all Central America as one Republic—with the view, it is said, of preventing the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal.—IN SOUTH AFRICA, while the reports are mainly peaceful, much anxiety is said to prevail in the interior owing to the boasting of certain loud-tongued Boers. Sir Charles Warren's proceedings are severely criticised in some quarters and warmly applauded in others, but Mr. Rhodes has resigned the Deputy-Commissionership of Bechuanaland, as he considers Sir Charles Warren's action without justification, and contrary to treaty obligations. On Wednesday Sir Charles Warren had reached Mafeteng from Vryberg. The troops are marching rapidly, and are in good health and spirits.—From CANADA we hear that the British Government has inquired when it will be possible to send troops to India via the Central Pacific Railway. The Canadians as well as the various Australian Governments have now been informed by the Home Government that their patriotic offers of military assistance will be willingly accepted, but that the troops will not be required before the autumn.



THE QUEEN is expected to leave England for the Continent on Monday, the 30th inst. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice will cross in the *Victoria and Albert* from Queenborough to Flushing, travelling thence straight to Darmstadt, and after witnessing the confirmation of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, they go on April the 8th to Aix-les-Bains, where they will occupy the Villa Mottet. On Sunday morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Battenberg attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and in the evening the Dean and Mrs. Davidson dined with Her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived next evening and stayed till Tuesday morning, when Princess Beatrice received Viscount Templeton and Sir E. Lechmere, Almoner and Secretary of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, to accept the Insignia and Diploma of a Dame Chevalière, signing her name in the roll of the Order. Next week the Queen comes to town to hold a Drawing-Room on Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George spent Saturday to Monday with Prince Albert Victor at Cambridge, occupying Sir W. Harcourt's rooms in Trinity College Cloisters. On Saturday night the Prince of Wales entertained a number of his son's college friends, and on Sunday morning the Prince attended Divine Service at Trinity Chapel, going in the afternoon to King's College Chapel. The Princess remained in town with her daughters and her youngest brother, Prince Waldemar, who has been staying at Marlborough House, and on Saturday night the whole party went to the Drury Lane Pantomime. Returning to town on Monday, the Prince of Wales went to the House of Lords. Princess Louise and Prince Henry of Battenberg lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who in the evening, with Prince Waldemar, went to the Court Theatre. Tuesday being the twenty-second anniversary of the Prince and Princess's wedding day, they gave a family dinner-party, Princes Albert Victor and George coming to town to be present. During the day the Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission for Housing the Working Classes, and went to the House of Lords. On Thursday the Princess of Wales held, on behalf of the Queen, the first Drawing Room of the season at Buckingham Palace, attended by the chief members of the Royal Family, and to-day (Saturday) the Prince holds another *réve* at St. James's.

The programme of the Prince and Princess of Wales coming

visit to Ireland is fairly completed, and the numerous engagements will leave the Royal visitors little spare time during their stay. Arriving with their two sons at Kingstown on Wednesday, April 8, they will go in State to Dublin Castle, and later inspect the Royal Dublin Society's Agricultural Show. Next day the Prince holds a *Levée*, and the Princess a Drawing Room at the Castle on behalf of the Queen, followed by a State Ball. On the 11th the Prince lays the foundation stone of a new Science and Art Museum, and accompanies the Princess and sons to see Lord and Lady Powerscourt at Bray. Either the clubs or the citizens will give the Royal guests a ball, and the Freemasons will invite the Prince to a special Lodge whilst at Dublin. From the 13th to the 16th the Royal party will stay with Lord and Lady Listowel at Convamore, near Mallow, going to Cork and to see the Marquis of Waterford at Curraghmore during their stay, and subsequently they spend four days at Killarney. Returning to Dublin, they will be present at Punchestown Races, and travel in the *Osborne* on the 23rd to Belfast, whence they visit Lord Abercorn at Barroncourt, and spend Saturday, 25th prox., at Derry. From Belfast they may either come home by the Stranraer route to Scotland, or return to Dublin, and cross again by Holyhead.



DR. VAUGHAN, the Master of the Temple, preached in the Temple Church on Sunday at the second of the services to commemorate its foundation, of which the first was referred to in this column last week. The preacher sketched the rise and fall of the Knights Templars, who, from being a noble and self-sacrificing order of Christian chivalry, degenerated into soldiers of fortune. Dr. Vaughan found an analogy between the work of the Templars in their best days and the new efforts of Christian charity in eastern and southern London, which were but so many crusades of soldiers of Christ, banded and sworn together for the protection of weakness against strength. The Temple of to-day, the preacher added, contributed many gallant champions to this holy war.

A COMMITTEE OF OFFICERS of the Brigade of Guards who were connected with the late gallant General Earle has been formed to receive subscriptions for the erection of a memorial to him in the chapel of Wellington Barracks.

PART OF THE WOODWORK near the roof of Glasgow Cathedral took fire on Sunday morning through contact with the heating apparatus. Fortunately it was extinguished by the firemen before much damage had been done, but the smoke which filled the building prevented the forenoon service from being held. The edifice is seven centuries old, and the finest of the kind in Scotland.

IN SPITE of the competition of the rate-supported Board Schools, the Church of England voluntary schools are still the most numerously attended of any, and therefore enjoy the largest share of the Parliamentary education grant. A return just issued shows that in 1852 the grant to Church of England schools amounted to £1,418,242/, while Board Schools received 975,918/.

AT A MEETING of the Methodist body, held on Wednesday, the President of the Conference in the Chair, it was resolved to raise a sum of 25,000/ to be applied to the evangelisation of the most-neglected parts of London.

ON TUESDAY the Roman Catholic Chapter and parish priests of the Arch-diocese of Dublin submitted three ecclesiastics, whose names are to be submitted to the Pope for his choice of a successor to the late Cardinal MacCabe as Archbishop. The highest on the list was the Very Reverend Dr. Walsh, with forty-six votes, followed by the Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Assistant Bishop to the late Cardinal, with twelve votes, and the Rev. Dr. Tynan, Secretary to the late Cardinal, with three.



"THE LADY OF THE LOCKET."—A new so-called "comic opera," bearing this title, and produced at the Empire Theatre on Wednesday night, is the first essay, so far as the London stage is concerned, of Mr. William Fullerton, son of ex-Judge Fullerton, who is engaged to defend Mrs. Dudley in the New York Courts. It is a pity Mr. Fullerton did not secure a stronger libretto than that by Mr. Hamilton. From the very outset it is clear that Miss Florence St. John, as the heroine, is destined to wed her own true love, the impecunious young stripling, represented by Mr. Brady; while her noble affianced, a part admirably sustained by Mr. Coffin, is eventually to be mated with a street ballad singer (Miss Edith Brandon). The result is ultimately brought about by the stale device of an interchange of bridal veils between the two ladies. To eke out this bald and highly-monotonous story are introduced a Turkish dance and an elaborate Venetian ballet, in the course of which those of the audience who cared to brave the terrors of a north-east wind at midnight were shown many daring costumes. Although the musical attractions of the piece are slender, allusion must be made to the beauty of many of Mr. Fullerton's melodies, and to the grace of the orchestral accompaniments, the latter being due chiefly to the composer's effective use of the reed wind instruments of the orchestra. The vocal honours of the evening were fairly won by Mr. Coffin, a recruit from the ranks of amateurs, but who is probably destined to take a high rank in the profession. For the rest, the inanity of the libretto and the tameness of many of the performers were only relieved by the splendour of a stage spectacle rarely or never equalled in works of this class.

THE STERNDALE BENNETT DISCOVERY.—The late Sir Sterndale Bennett composed so little that the discovery of a hitherto unknown, albeit a very early work, is of considerable interest. The string quartet in G, found by Bennett's favourite pupil, Mr. Thomas Wingham, dates back to the time when the composer was fifteen, and was still a student at the Royal Academy. It was rehearsed at the Academy, but was never performed, and was given by Bennett to his fellow student, Mr. John Gledhill, of Brighton, who has since held it. There is no doubt about the authenticity of the work, which is in Bennett's autograph, and is dated 1831. It is in four movements, the first being an allegro, followed by an andante, a minuet, and the finale.

CARL ROSA OPERA.—Mr. Carl Rosa has now issued his prospectus for his Easter Season at Drury Lane. We have already (as lately as February 7), given the leading details. It will be recollected that Mesdames Marie Roze, Burns, Miss Perry; Messrs. McGuckin, Davies, Crotty, Ludwig, Snazelle, and other members of the provincial troupe are to be reinforced by Mesdames Valleria and Gaylord; Mr. Maas, Mr. Lyall, and others, thus forming a very strong company. The novelties will be Mr. Goring Thomas's "Nadesdā, and there are also promised English versions of *Manon*, *Mefistofele*, *Nozze di Figaro*, and a selection from a repertory of

forty-eight operas. Mr. Augustus Harris will direct the *mise en scène*. There will be a subscription extending over eight weeks, and performances will begin at half-past seven, half an hour earlier than usual.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The chief novelty at the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday was Mr. Thomas Wingham's Concert Overture in A, No. 5, to which the composer had prefixed Tennyson's line, "Love took up the glass of time." The overture was first produced at the Brighton Festival of 1879, but it was lost by a careless copyist, and has since been recomposed. The overture is a sound and unaffected composition, without any defined programme or story, but welcome as the work of an able musician who has, while avoiding the arts of a self-advertiser, contrived to make his mark in the world. A *débutante*, Madame Agnes Miller, essayed the C minor concerto of Beethoven, for the adequate rendering of which, however, something more than mechanical correctness is required. Two of Rubinstein's vocal duets were sung by Madame Sophie Löwe, whose intonation was uncertain, and Miss Lena Little, a highly-promising contralto. These ladies were associated with Miss Sherwin in the beautiful Rhine Daughter's trio from the last section of the *Nibelungs' Ring*. The symphony was that of Schumann in D minor, of which a finer performance than that under Mr. Manns has rarely been heard.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Of the Philharmonic Concert on Thursday, under Sir Arthur Sullivan, at which Mr. Gustav Ernest's new prize overture was to be performed, with the composer as conductor, it is not possible to write in this issue.—On Wednesday, M. Gounod's *Redemption* was announced at the Albert Hall, with Mesdames Valleria and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Sandley as chief vocalists.—A capital performance of Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, was given at the Bow Institute by the Tonic Sol-Fa Choir, under Mr. M'Naught, on Tuesday night.—On the same evening the last concert of the Heckmann quartet was given. On the previous evening the party played at the German Embassy.—At two concerts given respectively by Madame Hirlemann and M. de Lara and Logé, those artists appeared, and were assisted by Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, a young lady who sings these drawing-room songs very charmingly.—At the Popular Concert on Monday Herr Joachim performed Spohr's "Scena Concertante." At Saturday's concert an enormous audience was attracted by the "Kreutzer" sonata, played by Miss Zimmermann and Herr Joachim. As Mr. Zerbini was suddenly taken ill, Mozart's string quartet in C could not be played, but the quartet in the same key was substituted for it.—To an American concert given by Mr. Melbourne, and concerts for the Police Orphanage, and by Mr. Gilbert, the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, the Highbury Philharmonic Society, and others, we cannot further allude.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted an invitation to play a violin solo at the Mansion House for a charity. This will be the first appearance in public of His Royal Highness as a soloist.—It is reported that a contract is about to be signed for a nine weeks' season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden.—Six volumes of the autobiography of the Abbé Liszt are, it is stated, in the press. One is nearly finished, and the sixth and last volume remains to be written. The book is said to be full of details of the lives and characters of eminent persons, including Chopin, George Sand, Daniel Stern, and others.—Madame Patti will, on her return from San Francisco, give one concert to the Mormons at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.—Herr Anton Dvorák's new cantata for the Birmingham Festival is entitled *The Spectre's Bride*.—Colonel Mapleson is managing director of a new "Musical Exchange," which will combine the advantages of a club, registration, and interview rooms between entrepreneurs and artists, practice-rooms, and so forth. The club house is 26, Old Bond Street, and it will open March 25.—A French translation of *Die Meistersinger* was produced for the first time at Brussels last Saturday with great success.—Some thieves have stolen from Madame Schumann's rooms, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, several MSS. of Robert Schumann, and other relics, of no value to the thieves nor to any one but Madame Schumann. The robbery seems as silly as it was heartless.—The Pope has accepted the dedication of M. Gounod's new oratorio, *Mors et Vita*, written for the Birmingham Festival.

FINE ARTS

MR. R. DUNTHORNE'S small gallery in Vigo Street is now occupied by a series of nearly fifty water-colour drawings and sketches by Frederick Walker. The collection is necessarily of a less comprehensive kind than that exhibited in New Bond Street shortly after the painter's death; but the drawings have been well selected with a view of illustrating the various phases of his art. The earliest of them in date of production are designs illustrating Thackeray's "Philip" and "Denis Duval." Together with some skill in characterisation, these show accurate draughtsmanship, harmony of composition, and the fastidious love of completeness that always distinguishes his work. His genius was not, however, of a dramatic kind; he is seen to most advantage in subjects inspired directly by nature. Of his rare ability in depicting the simple incidents of English rural life there are many examples. Especially noteworthy among them are the admirably-composed group, "The Well-Sinkers," the small study of "A Girl at a Stile" reading a letter under an umbrella, and the drawing of a coachman in a cabbage-garden, called "An Amateur." These and some other drawings of a similar kind are thoroughly artistic in treatment, and show the most sympathetic appreciation of natural beauty. None of Walker's large pictures are in the collection, but there are repetitions of some of them, and preliminary studies for others. Among the latter is a black-and-white drawing, "The Vagrants," admirable in composition, and showing a finer sense of style than any of the earlier drawings. "The Old Gate" is reproduced in a delicately-executed little drawing, and there is a *réplica* on a rather large scale of the artist's best-known work, "The Harbour of Refuge." This suffers nothing by comparison with the oil picture; it is quite as ably executed, and we are inclined to think that it is more harmonious in colour and in better keeping. One of the best works in the room, combining completeness of realisation with general harmony and truth of effect, represents "Marlow Ferry," with many figures, illuminated by a warm glow of afternoon light. Mr. R. W. Macbeth has just finished an admirable etching of this drawing, the same size as the original. A drawing of a "Fishmonger's Shop," full of carefully-wrought detail; a broadly-painted sketch of "A Boy Looking at a Dead Bird;" and a strikingly characteristic study of his own head, painted by Walker in 1865, are among the best of the remaining works.

The very large picture, entitled "Calvary," by the eminent Hungarian painter, Michael Munkacsy, now on view at the Egyptian Hall, if not entirely successful, has many fine artistic qualities. The composition, though complex, is not confused; the figures are designed with skill and knowledge; the colour is rich and harmonious, and the handling throughout broad and masterly. It shows, moreover, some originality of conception, and great power of dramatic realisation. Munkacsy is, however, an uncompromising realist, and it is accordingly not surprising to find that the figure of Christ extended on the Cross is the least satisfactory part of the work. The artist has evidently not aimed at abstract perfection of form. The upturned head wants dignity and elevation of character, and the figure is unnecessarily athletic, and of a commonplace type. The agonised grief of the Virgin, who, kneeling at the foot of the

Cross, clasps the Saviour's feet, is forcibly expressed, and so is that of the Magdalene, who kneels beside her. The picture, however, is remarkable chiefly for the distinct characterisation of the subordinate actors in the scene, and the natural manner in which their varied emotions are expressed. Among them are some very degraded specimens of humanity, but all spontaneous in movement and instinct with vitality.



MISS MARY ANDERSON is apparently not of an adventurous turn; she prefers plays that have been tried and approved to pieces which have the gloss of novelty. At Easter this popular lady will, we believe, commence a series of revivals which will include *Ingomar*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and *Comedy and Tragedy*. The recent revival of *The Hunchback* has, we believe, proved the least successful of her ventures at the LYCEUM.

Alverse, and we venture to add very unfair, criticism, seems to have exercised an evil influence upon the fortunes of the revival of *As You Like It* at the ST. JAMES'S, which will be played for the last time on the 28th instant. That Mrs. Kendal has by certain utterances incurred the displeasure of the critics is pretty well known; and it is to be feared that these gentlemen have, though we trust unconsciously, allowed their feelings to prejudice their judgment upon one of the most beautiful Shakespearian performances of recent times. The complaint that the poetry is over-powered by the scenic illustration is curiously inconsistent with the praises that have been bestowed of late upon this very ground upon other performances of poetical plays in which scenic display has been a much more conspicuous feature. The very nature of the story of *As You Like It* in fact renders it impossible to make the play a vehicle for such scenic splendours as were forthcoming, for example, in the case of the revivals of *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Romeo and Juliet* at the LYCEUM, or *Claudian and Hamlet* at the PRINCESS'S. A reaction against over-elaboration in the mounting is not a bad thing, but the critic's motto should be *Tros Tyriusve*. Of the acting at the ST. JAMES'S we have already spoken. Assuredly the present generation of playgoers has seen no Rosalind which could compare with Mrs. Kendal's performance for grace, vivacity, womanly feeling, and that indescribable quality which playgoers call "charm."

The most remarkable incident in connection with the production of Mr. Roger's absurd "drama of Russian life" at a *matinée* at the VAUDEVILLE last week was the almost instantaneous filling-up of the theatre soon after it became known that *Nadine* promised to the scoffers abundant gratification for their evil propensity. In the Strand and its neighbourhood there is generally an afternoon a considerable number of persons more or less connected with, or interested in, the stage; and it is to be presumed that a rumour of what was going on had somehow got abroad. Any way, before the close of the second act, the hitherto rather tame and scanty attendance was suddenly and mysteriously converted into a full and rather merry house. On the whole, the sport of author and actor baiting is carried in these days to rather cruel lengths. The lady described as Madame Pika, who played the part of the heroine, was, it is true, weak and too manifestly inexperienced; but the flouts and jeers to which she was subjected speak but ill for the chivalry of these times.

Comic opera, with Mdlle. Van Zandt as the *prima donna*, is to mingle with comedy in the French performances which are to commence at the GAIETY in June, under the direction of Mr. Mayer. That admirable artist, Madame Jane Hadding, will, we are glad to see, return to us. She will, among other plays, perform in *Le Prince Zillah*.

The AVENUE Theatre reopens this evening, under the management of Miss Violet McInnote, who will produce a new and original farcical comedy, in three acts, entitled *Tact*, with other entertainments.

A new three-act burlesque, by Mr. Burnand, on the subject of *Masopha*, was produced at the GAIETY on Thursday evening.

Mr. Clement Scott has undertaken to deliver a lecture on "The Stage and the Age," at the PLAYGOERS' CLUB, in Newman Street, on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has written a new and original comedy, entitled *Sages*, which will be produced at the COURT Theatre.

Mr. Pinero's new piece, in preparation at the COURT Theatre, is stated to be a three act farce in the manner (though it is quite original) of Labiche and Condinet.



I.

THE first article in the *Contemporary* for this month, by Sir Richard Temple, on "The Mahdi and British India," is a clear and thoughtful statement of the probable effect of the fall of Khartoum and of the death of Gordon on our Mussulman fellow-subjects, if the disaster should not be retrieved by a march upon the Soudanese capital, and by a signal defeat of the Mahdi. He thinks that they will expect us to act on the precedent of 1841, when Macnaghten was murdered at Cabul, and on that of 1848, when Agnew was cut down at Multan. "The fall of Khartoum," he remarks in conclusion, "and the fate of Gordon must have a bad effect upon India and the East, unless the reverse shall be retrieved; and from this point of view, the recapture of that place is extremely desirable; so desirable indeed, that it becomes hard to draw the line between urgent expediency and necessity." Mr. Goldwin Smith, in "The Organisation of Democracy," takes a pessimist view of our present political condition. He looks to a large scheme of local self-government to remedy some of the ills under which England labours. Of our party system he writes severely. "England," he says, "ought to be very much in love with the party system at this moment, for it has well nigh laid her, with all her greatness and her glory, at the feet of Messrs. Healy and Biggar. Faction, and nothing but faction, has brought her to the verge of a dismemberment which, by carving a hostile Republic out of her side, would reduce her to a second-rate Power, and constrain her to play a subordinate instead of a leading part in the march of European civilisation. 'England has lost heart.' is the exulting cry of Mr. Parnell. She has lost heart because she is betrayed by faction, seeking under highly philanthropic and philosophical pretences to climb into power by bartering the unity of the nation for the Irish vote. With a truly national Government she would soon be herself again."

Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes to the *Fortnightly* a very pleasant paper on "George Eliot's Life." In one passage he contrives at the same time to praise his heroine and give tit-for-tat to Mr. Matthew Arnold. "Real culture," he writes, "such as hers, is a far more solid thing than those airy acquirements which often usurp the name. George Eliot's culture was knowledge harmonised

by artistic instinct, and deepened by an abiding moral glow. Culture is too often supposed to be attainable by fine critical taste, and a curious felicity in pirouetting around many things. To her, science, philosophy, social ideals, were the substance of culture; the graceful form and the critical judgment were the instruments by which it speaks."—Mr. J. A. Farrer and Mr. Arthur Mills discuss "Imperial Federation" and "The Federation League" under the heading of "The Problem of Empire." They take somewhat dreary views on the question of the maintenance of the external unity of "Greater Britain."

Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B., has much to say that is well worthy serious consideration in the *Augusteenth Century* on "The Volunteers in Time of Need." We have at our hands a splendid weapon for national defence; if only the proper measures were taken to render it available at the moment of necessity. Where it fails is in equipment, in commissariat, and in strategically-placed magazine and store centres. As to expense, Sir Edward says: "The field equipment—valise, water bottle, haversack, mess tin, great coat, infantry leggings, and a pair of boots—of each volunteer would cost 2*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* at permanent regulation prices." Five store centres would cost 12*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* or 23*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* a centre. Small magazines, drill-sheds, &c., would require 100*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* Altogether he calculates that a grant of a million now would make all the difference between our having a useless or a useful body of armed men.—Viscount Bury vigorously attacks "Imperial Federation" in "The Unity of the Empire"; while Mr. Forster returns to the charge in "A Few More Words on Imperial Federation."

There is much smart writing in Mr. Alfred Austin's opening article in the *National* on "The Root of Our Misfortunes." For instance, he says:—"The various fractions of the Liberal party needed a common denominator. They found him in Mr. Gladstone. I have heard a satirist observe that this was putting the head of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways on the body of the Siamese Twins." Mr. Austin tells us, too, that he once remarked at Constantinople to Mr. Goschen, "It seems to me, your Excellency, that you are a Conservative, who have the inestimable advantage of calling yourself a Liberal." "The Root of our Misfortunes," according to Mr. Austin, is the abnormal union of Whigs and Radicals.—Mr. Leopold Katscher's paper on "Some Aspects of the Salvation Army" is excellent reading. It is singularly dispassionate in tone.

This month the *Red Dragon*, the national magazine of Wales, contains a spirited paper on "How the French Fared at Fishguard," by "A Native." "A Native" gives us a very vivid idea of what invasion would mean for these islands, though the performance of General Tate scarcely rises at all to the rank of an operation of war. The short stories in the *Red Dragon* are well up to the ordinary magazine average.



PASTIMES.—There is little or nothing which calls for comment in reference to the cross-country meetings at Kempton Park, Rugby, and elsewhere, during the present week, though they will be remembered by both riders and spectators for the cruel March weather which attended them. Nothing happened at any of them which threw light on the coming Grand National, for which event Roquesfort has become a strong first favourite, and Belmont, Zoedone, and Frigate are well supported. Voluntary and Phantom are scratched. The flat-racing season is drawing near, and the Lincolnshire Handicap will be decided the week after next. For this event St. Blaise still heads the market quotations, Despair has returned to favour, and Toastmaster, Bendigo, and Sweetbread are all in good demand.—It is with great regret that the news, though expected, of the death of Mr. Goodwin at Sandown has been received.—In the equine obituary the deaths of the famous sire See-Saw, of the mare Nutbush in her twenty-seventh year, and of Louisbourg, who cost 4,000 guineas as a yearling, have to be recorded.—F. Archer has returned from his American trip.—It is in contemplation to establish a new racecourse near Glasgow.—About twenty clergymen of the North Kineto Deanery, in Warwickshire, have entered a formal protest against horse-racing as a demoralising and degrading institution.

CRICKET.—Further detailed scores of Shaw's teams and their opponents at the Antipodes have come to hand, from which it is evident that the Englishmen have been very handy with their bats. In the match against Twenty-two of Moss Vale they put together in their first innings 432, of which Bates contributed 111 and Scotton 123. The Australians only got 14 "all told," no less than 15 "ducks" figuring on the scoring paper.

ATHLETICS.—The National Cross-Country Championship was decided on the Manchester Race-course on Saturday last, when the Liverpool Harriers beat five other leading clubs. The well-known runner Snook, of the Birchfield Harriers, was "first man in," and Pitchford, of the Liverpool Gymnasium Harriers, second. The winning club's best man was Shaw, who came in fourth.

LACROSSE.—The Cambridge University team has recently shown marked improvement in its work, and has won the great distinction of beating London, which had not sustained a defeat since the beginning of the season.—Contrary to expectation, Liverpool has beaten South Manchester in the semi-final tie for the North of England Flags.—Owens College has been beaten by Sale and Aston, but has played a drawn game with Liverpool.

FOOTBALL.—The Blackburn Rovers have beaten the Old Carthusians in the semi-final tie for the Association Cup, and thus all hope is gone of the trophy coming south.—The Old Foresters have won the London Association Cup, having beaten Upton Park at the Oval on Saturday last.—The Annual Rugby Union Match between Scotland and Ireland has been won by the former at Edinburgh.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge crews have come Londonwards, the head-quarters of the former being at Bourne End, and of the latter at Cookham. They will thus see a good deal of each other, and supply the critics with opportunities of comparison before they move up to Putney. What little wagering on this event has been publicly recorded shows Cambridge to be the favourite at about 6 to 4 on. It was thought a little while ago by some that the temporary bridge above the Suspension Bridge at Hammersmith might be so obstructive that the old course for the race would not be available; but now that the matter has been formally and officially looked into it is found that with careful steering no difficulty need be apprehended.—The Public Schools Challenge Cup for Fours will not again appear on the Henley programme.

ANGLING.—The literature of angling keeps pace with the increasing popularity of the sport itself; but reprints of successful volumes are often as welcome as absolutely new ones. This is certainly the case with Mr. William Senior's ("Red Spinner") "Waterside Sketches," which form a happy combination of the poetry and practice of angling, of descriptions of scenery and pictorial surroundings, and of the technicalities of the craft. We call special attention to this little pocket volume, for such it is, as being the first of a series of shilling books of a more or less angling character.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S RESCUING STEAMER "SOFIA" AT ANCHOR UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE TO REPAIR THE BOILER

LUNETTE FORT, WITH THREE GUNS, FIRING ON THE RESCUING STEAMER
MAHDI'S INFANTRY FIRING AT THE RESCUING STEAMER

MEN OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX, UNDER CAPTAIN TRAFFORD, SKIRMISHING TO PROTECT THE BRASS GUN

BRASS GUN LANDED FROM ONE OF THE WRECKED STEAMERS, AND BEING SERVED BY GORDON'S MEN AGAINST THE ENEMY'S FORT ON THE OPPOSITE BANK

THE RETURN FROM KHARTOUM—THE RESCUE OF SIR CHARLES WILSON BY LORD CHARLES BERESFORD
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

The news that Major Stuart Wortley brought into camp was that Khartoum had fallen, Gordon was killed, and that Sir Charles Wilson, in trying to reach Khartoum, was obliged to return because of the heavy firing from Omdurman and other forts. Both his vessels were wrecked in trying to return, and Major Stuart Wortley volunteered to return with the news to our camp near Metemnech. Lord C. Beresford, on receipt of the intelligence, started with the remaining steamer to the rescue. He succeeded in passing the first fort, but the steamer receiving a shot in the boiler, had to remain all day under the fire of the fort repairing. Sir C. Wilson, hearing of this, landed one gun from his wrecked steamer higher up the river, and marching down, brought his gun into action against the fort, the Royal Sussex skirmishing against the enemy's gunners on the opposite bank. Eventually the whole party got off in Beresford's steamer, and returned to camp."—Our Special Artist.

projected by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., of Fleet Street, under the title of the "Waterside Series." The printing and general get-up of the reprint of Mr. Senior's charming little book are admirable, reminding us of some similar volumes by American authors often seen upon our bookstalls, where doubtless many will be glad to see room made for the productions of home talent and enterprise.—Among other welcome contributions to the Angler's Library is a new series of the "Angler's Note Book and Naturalist's Record" (6, Duke Street, St. James's), conducted by the well-known editors of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria." A large proportion of the articles are specially pleasant reading for "scholarly anglers."—Of "Waltons" there seems to be no end. A new edition in commemoration of the bicentenary of Walton's death is now in course of publication in parts by Messrs. Allen and Co., of Waterloo Place; and Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster Row, promises a shilling reprint of his *fac simile* of Walton's first edition.—The recent issue of Vols. XIII. and XIV. of the Fisheries' Exhibition literature completes the series, the delay in the publication of which has been unavoidable. The volumes mentioned contain the official reports, and a most valuable and exhaustive analytical index to all the Fisheries' literature. Mr. A. J. R. Trelford and all who have assisted him in his laborious enterprise are to be heartily congratulated on the success attained. All the volumes, separately or together, are to be obtained from Messrs. Clowes and Sons, of Charing Cross.



THE cause célèbre of Durham v. Durham, referred to in this column last week, after a hearing of nearly a fortnight's duration, came to an end on Tuesday, when the general interest all along taken in the proceedings culminated with the delivery of Sir James Hannen's judgment in a densely crowded Court. He decided, as had been generally expected, against Lord Durham, whose petition for a declaration of nullity of marriage was dismissed with costs. Foremost among the grounds on which the judgment was based was the simple fact that Lord Durham had engaged himself to Miss Milner after having had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with her mental condition. Of one of two alleged proofs of her insanity before marriage, the burn which she was said to have inflicted on herself, and which after marriage, and her mind had given way, she ascribed to a wish to commit suicide, the Judge made short work, pointing out that she had herself given the alarm when her dress caught fire, that she had extinguished the flames before the arrival of her maid, and that the only result of what was obviously an accident was a slight blister. On the other, the evidence given of her shyness and indifference to Lord Durham during their engagement, with her statement to him that there was something dreadful and awful which she ought to tell him, Sir James Hannen's comments developed a theory which he had arrived at, and which accounted for all that was mysterious in such conduct and such language by her continued attachment to the gentleman who had proposed to her before she knew Lord Durham, and whose attentions had been disapproved of by her father on account of his want of means. The general evidence as to her sanity before and at the time of her marriage the Judge considered to be conclusive, and her insanity he considered not to have begun until her visit to Cannes, his Lordship even intimating his opinion that so soon as the third day after the marriage Lord Durham did not show her the tenderness and consideration which her condition demanded, and that his own statements proved that he little knew how to win his young wife's affection by gentleness and patience. Sir James Hannen was not sparing of his animadversions on others than Lord Durham. He blamed Lady Durham for having married a man for whom, according to his theory, she did not and could not care, and he censured Mrs. Gerard for telling Lord Durham that her sister's coldness to him arose out of her love for him—by this device, Sir James added, bringing about a match which she thought advantageous, but assisting to wreck the happiness of two lives. In framing his judgment Sir James Hannen derived no aid from precedents, the case being, in its main features, without a parallel. From the position of the counsel engaged, the army of witnesses, and the duration of the proceedings, the cost of the trial to Lord Durham must be enormous.

THE EVIDENCE ADDUCED at the last examination of the alleged dynamitards, Cunningham and Burton, possessed more legal importance than public interest. Proof was given of the deadly character of the contents of the bags and portmanteaus found where explosions have been perpetrated or planned in London. Burton was identified as a passenger on board the *Donau*, which arrived at Southampton from New York in February, 1884, and by the *Adriatic*, also from New York, which arrived at Liverpool in December last. A booking porter at the down platform cloak room of the Great Western Railway at Paddington, where a portmanteau containing dynamite and machinery for exploding was found, deposed to having seen a man at the window of the cloak room on the 25th of February, 1884, the day before the explosion at Victoria Station. He noticed that the man had a dark complexion, and was "something like" the prisoner Cunningham, but he could not swear positively to their identity.

A CASE interesting to passengers on the Metropolitan railways has been decided in their favour by the Court of Appeal. A married woman, about fifty, was a passenger in a train from Moorgate Street to King's Cross. On its arrival at the latter station she attempted, according to her own account, to lower the window, and having failed, rapped on it to attract the attention of an official, but again without success. Ultimately she succeeded in lowering the window, and opened the door with her hand from without. She had placed her foot on the platform when the train moved on, throwing her down, so that she suffered severe injury. A jury gave her a verdict against the Company for 300/- damages: but Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Stephen set it aside, and ordered a new trial. The Court of Appeal has reversed this decision; the Lord Chancellor, who delivered judgment, holding that the probabilities were in favour of the plaintiff's evidence as against that of the Company's servants, who contradicted it, and that they were not at the time keeping a sufficient look-out.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND are to be debarred by a decision of the Chancery Division from reaping the benefits of a bequest made by the late Rev. William Wight, formerly Vicar of Hanbury, to found an institution, to be called Wight's College of Social and Domestic Science for Ladies, in which a beginning was to be made in the way of qualifying them for the discharge of their duties, for which, owing to their defective training, the eccentric testator believed them to be at present utterly incompetent. The details of the bequest, however, offended against both the Mortmain laws and the rule of perpetuities, and, on the application of the heir-at-law Mr. Justice Chitty pronounced the bequests invalid. This is the second instance within the last few months of the risk run by philanthropic testators of having their testamentary dispositions overthrown by not leaving themselves of competent legal advice.

ON TUESDAY, on the urgent recommendation of the Medical Inspector of the Home Office, who reported his condition to be serious, Mr. Edmund Yates, the proprietor of the *World*, was released by Sir William Harcourt from Holloway Gaol.



THE SEASON will soon have brought us to the Vernal Equinox, nor do we lack flowers to remind us that spring is at hand. The competing growths of Cornwall and the Riviera come with promise of what a very few fine weeks will suffice to give the hedgerows of Surrey and the woods of Kent. Already the lilac buds are showing, and the almond trees are pink with blossom. The young wheat is looking well, and of a healthy colour. It is not too forward. Barley and oats are being sown; farmers would do well to sow the former first, when labour is not put on to both at once, for barley gains the more by early sowing. Barley put in now will not need a thick sowing; but oats should be liberally sown. Considerable breadths of beans have been already got in, and there is yet a fortnight before it can be considered "late." It is time that peas were planted, and a day should not be missed when the drill will work; but it is unwise to sow unless the soil be in a really fit and mouldy state. Meadows that have been manured should now be chain-harrowed until all clods are powdered down to the grass roots. Lambs this year have usually come healthy and strong, though there have been heavy losses in Oxfordshire and adjacent counties. Frost is less injurious to young lambs than wet and windy weather, against which all a farmer's precautions should be taken.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY hold their 1885 meeting at Preston, and that for 1886 at Norwich, the North and East having their turns. The West was visited last year, when the Society went to Shrewsbury. The prize sheet for the Preston Show, opening on July 14th, has just been published. The horse prizes are numerous; but, as many think, ill divided. The prizes for cattle are very liberal, but the absence of classes for Guernseys has excited some adverse comment. Six breeds of pigs are specified. Handsome prizes are offered for cheese, there being thirteen classes. Prizes are given for hives, honey, and poultry. Entries close on 1st of May. The Society reports the comfortable but not extraordinary balance of 4,381/-, and the general affairs of the Association seem to be in a satisfactory condition, the new members joining considerably exceeding the deaths and withdrawals.

THE GLASGOW STALLION SHOW was creditable in point of numbers, but while some animals of high merit were shown, there was, we fancy, an unusually large proportion of inferior types. Among the best animals exhibited were the Duke of Portland's "Cairnbrogic teir," Mr. Andrew Montgomery's "Goldenberry," and Mr. Mac Robbie's "Gilderoy."

HORSES.—The Hackney Show in London was by no means the "only" event last week at which the attendance of horse-lovers and breeders was called for. A meeting has been held to form a Hunter Society, and among those supporting the new association are Lord Middleton, Colonel Luttrell, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Jacob Wilson, Mr. Tattersall, and Mr. N. R. Fleming. A register will be kept. Mr. Gilbey read a paper on Monday at the Farmers' Club, when he regretted that whereas there was not in England one horse capable of trotting a mile in three minutes, there were,

according to a regular register, 994 horses in America which had accomplished the feat. As regards ordinary horses, he thought the great thing to aim at was a judicious blending of the qualities of the thoroughbred stallion with those of the well-formed draught mare, possessing size, frame, constitution, flat legs, and high courage.

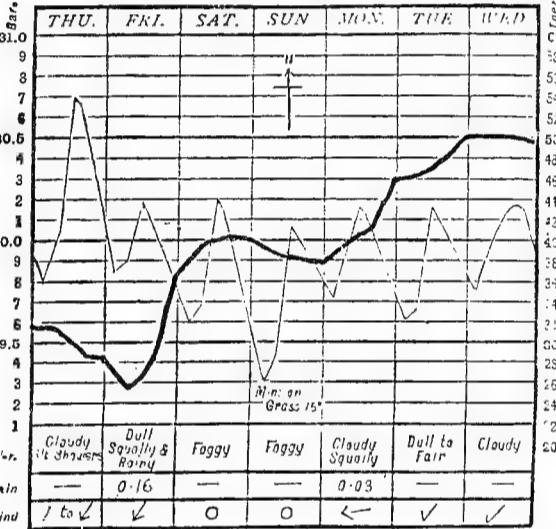
ARTICHOKES are a vegetable for which a greater appreciation might well be allowed in this country, seeing that in both France and Italy, lands *par excellence* of the cuisine, they are held in high favour and much used. Those who care to grow them, either the globe or the Jerusalem varieties, should plant at once. The latter are treated in the same way as potatoes, only they should have more space between the rows, two and a-half feet at least, and one foot between the sets; while the former should have a space of two feet each way. Give the former plenty of manure, and plant the latter on land that has been well manured for a former crop.

POTATOES, those that have been sprouted in warmth, should be planted out in warm borders, protecting them from cold and wet by means of fern, or litter from the stable, using either pretty liberally to prevent radiation of heat, the penetration of frost, or of heavy falls of rain or snow, should the latter recur. The untidy look of the litter often tempts the lover of "neatness" to remove the protection early, with very evil results, when March and April frosts arrive, as they are wont to do, very suddenly.

DUCKS.—It has been pointed out that according to Show records the famous Aylesbury duck is losing favour, in which it is being replaced by the Rouen and the Pekin. At the Dairy Show there were thirty Pekins and twenty-six Rouens to eleven Aylesburys, at the Crystal Palace fifty-six Rouens and thirty-seven Pekins to eighteen Aylesburys, and at Birmingham fourteen Pekins and eleven Rouens to two Aylesburys. Before, however, we accept the record as showing a real decline of interest in the Aylesbury breed, it may be asked whether the Show classes are not drawn with especial favour for the Rouen and Pekin breeds? The Aylesburys, too, are so well established in this country that there is not the interest attaching to new varieties, in fact, ducks altogether are very different from fowls in this respect. At our poultry shows the casual foreign observer is likely to conclude that on English farms fowls are bred to the almost complete exclusion of other poultry. Yet ducks and geese and turkeys hold their own, only they do not lend themselves to fanciers' objects in the way that fowls and pigeons do.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week has been fair, cold, and comparatively dry nearly throughout. At the opening of the period a depression had just passed eastwards along our southern counties, to be followed on Friday (6th inst.) by another (large, but shallow) moving in a similar direction over the northern parts of France. Northerly winds now set in generally, and while cold showers fell in many parts of England and snow in the east of Scotland, fair weather prevailed over Great Britain, and fine clear skies in Ireland. In the course of Friday (6th inst.) the barometer commenced to rise quickly throughout the United Kingdom, and by the close of the week the greater part of a large anti-cyclone had spread inland from the westward. Meantime depressions moving in an easterly direction were found both over the Bay of Biscay and the west coast of Norway. During this time the winds over our islands blew chiefly from the north and east (strong at times in the Channel), and cold, but fine weather was experienced in most places, and fine bright skies in Ireland. Slight showers of rain fell occasionally in the west, and snow in the extreme north and on our eastern coasts. Temperature has been several degrees below the average everywhere. At the close of the week little or no change in the weather was indicated. The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Wednesday (5th inst.); lowest (29.26 inches) on Friday (6th inst.); range, 1.24 inches. Temperature was highest (54°) on Thursday (5th inst.); lowest (26°) on Sunday (8th inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.19 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.6 inches on Friday (6th inst.).

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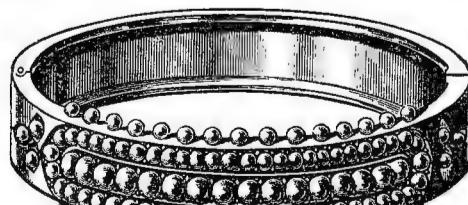
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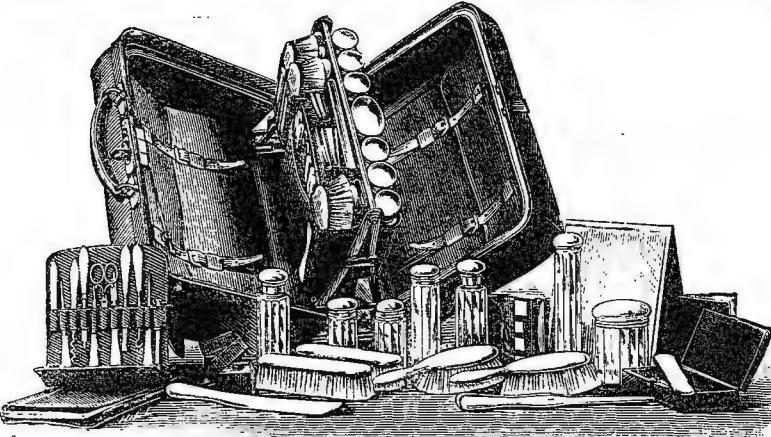
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DEATH.

On the 1st February, at 19, South Street, Thurlow Square, South Kensington, FREDERICK JAMES FEGEN, Esq., C.B., R.N., late of the Admiralty. Aged sixty-two. R.I.P.

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SUBSTANTIAL Artistic Furniture (REGD.)

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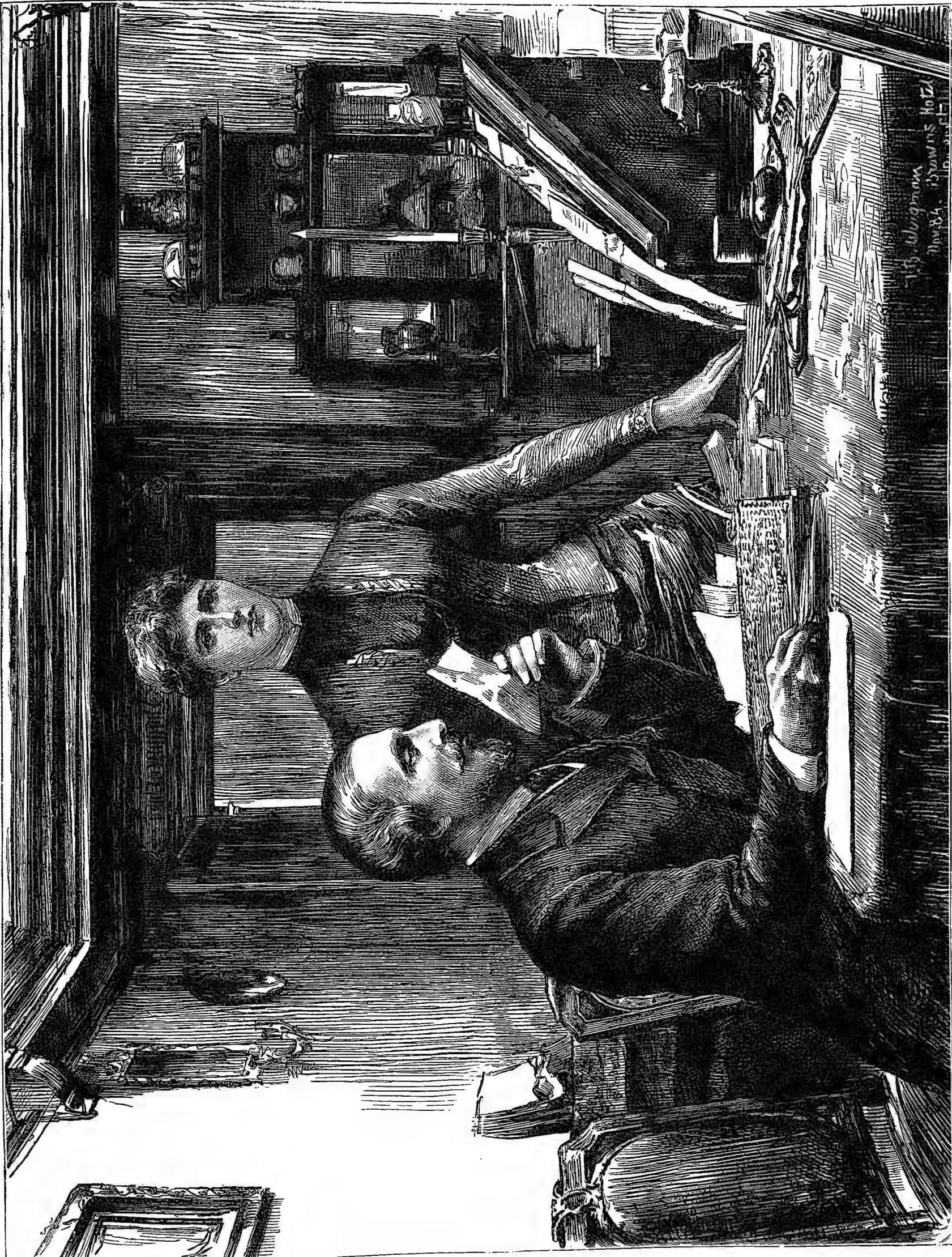
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FURNISH THROUGHOUT (REGD.)



CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY—THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, VICEROY OF INDIA, AND THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN

DRAWN FROM LIFE

No. XII.

*Yours sincerely
Dufferin.*

F. D. Mervin



DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES

"'No, I'll be hanged if I do!' returned Mr. Weekes, exploding all at once, and striking his white umbrella violently on the gravel."

COUSIN ISIDOR: A NOVELETTE

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

AGGRAVATION

THE prosecution of his business as a farmer made it necessary about this time for Jim Fairford to attend the markets at King's Casby very frequently; and thus, on the whole, the Red House had more of his company during all that month of August than Applecot Farm. The brightening influence of Enid's presence in the Fairford family continued, and even increased day by day. She had never appeared to more advantage. All the little caprices, the traits of spoiled-child egotism, the manifestations of self-will, which she occasionally displayed at home, disappeared in King's Casby. She possessed the happy gift of a genuine love for Nature. The very daisies and buttercups in the fields were a delight to her. Boredom, of which she had often complained in the midst of her town gaieties, became a word unknown to her vocabulary in the humdrum life of King's Casby.

Mr. Weekes took a singular sort of pride in his god-daughter's superiority to her cousins. And whenever the thought occurred to him that she was wasting her sweetness on the clodhoppers (as he was pleased to term them) of King's Casby, where there was not a creature capable of appreciating her, save himself, he consoled himself by visions of the brilliant marriage she was sure to make some day. On this point Mr. Weekes secretly indulged in some airy castle-building. Lady Milbury, in the pride of her heart, had talked to him about Enid's conquests; especially about the grand conquest of a certain young Scotch Peer, who had paid her marked attention. This phoenix of a young man, it appeared, was an orphan, with no relative in the world to whom he was accountable for his actions. And although his paternal estates were more picturesque than profitable, yet the accumulations of a long minority had put him into a very comfortable position in point of fortune. It would, Lady Milbury thought, be in every respect a most eligible match for Enid. The only drawback was that Enid did not seem to think so, and had given her noble admirer not the smallest encouragement. Isidor Weekes, however, was far from despairing on the subject. Of course a proud, spirited girl like Enid was not ready to drop a curtsey and say, "Yes, if you please, sir," to the first man who made her an offer,—even though that man were a Baron of high degree. She must be wooed with perseverance. But the thing seemed to Mr. Weekes so entirely suitable that he flattered himself it might easily come to pass. However, as to all

this, Mr. Weekes did not open his lips to Enid, even in the way of a distant hint. And herein it must be owned that he showed that discretion which is the better part of valour.

When Enid had been with the Fairfords about three weeks, Mr. Weekes received a letter from his Cousin Charlotte from Kissingen. After a brief account of the benefit General Milbury was deriving from the waters, came the important point of the letter, and the real reason why it had been written at all.

"The Rotherhams," wrote Lady Milbury, "have taken a place for the summer not far from King's Casby, and they mean to invite Enid to stay with them. I have written to Enid by this post, saying that her papa and I are very willing she should accept the invitation when it comes. I hope you will not object to losing her for a little while. Lord Kilmuir is staying with the Rotherhams, I hear."

The receipt of this letter excited Mr. Weekes considerably. It reached him at breakfast time in his own room. And during the ensuing hour or two it occupied all his thoughts. He was in a flutter; but it was, on the whole, an agreeable flutter. Chancing to find Enid alone in the garden, where she was getting flowers for the decoration of the luncheon-table, he asked her to come for a few minutes into a shady arbour, where he was accustomed to pass some of the hot hours of the day, and making her sit down beside him in the cool green twilight under the over-arching foliage, said, "Have you heard lately from your mother, Enid?"

"Yes; this morning. Mamma says in her letter that she writes to you by the same post, or I should have told you." Then suddenly turning a startled look on the old man, she asked, "You have no bad news? Papa and mamma are well?"

"Quite well, my dear Enid; quite well. The accounts of Sir Peter are excellent."

"So mamma writes to me, thank goodness! Well, I will just finish filling my basket, and put the flowers into water, or they will be parched, poor darlings!"

"One moment, Enid. I—ahem!—my cousin tells me it is likely you may receive an invitation to visit a country house in the neighbourhood."

"Oh! Is that what you wanted to say? Oh, yes; the Rotherhams have taken Halsted Hall for the summer."

"Your mother says that she and Sir Peter are very willing that you should visit these friends. And for my own part, I think it would be an agreeable change for you, and—and, in short, I advise it."

Enid looked a little surprised, but answered lightly, "Oh, no, Cousin Isidor; it wouldn't be an agreeable change at all. I would rather stay where I am."

"But, excuse me, my dear Enid, I do not see how you could well decline such an invitation under the circumstances, and—"

"Oh, but I have declined it."

"You have declined?"

"Yes. I got a note from Mrs. Rotherham the day before yesterday, and answered it at once. I don't mean to go." There was a touch of the old *hauteur* and self-will in Miss Enid's tone as she said so.

"Good Heavens, my dear Enid! Surely that was very—very imprudent?"

"Imprudent!"

"I mean that it would have been better to give the matter a little more consideration."

"What on earth for?" cried Enid, impetuously. Then breaking into a laugh, she said, "Upon my word, Cousin Isidor, you are determined to take down my conceit! It's quite clear you want to get rid of me."

Mr. Weekes felt himself in a considerable difficulty. But he began diplomatically, as he flattered himself. "I think," said he, with one of his most superfine bows, "that it is scarcely necessary to defend myself from the charge of wishing to get rid of Miss Enid Milbury! One does not wish to 'get rid' of the Spring, or the hawthorn blossoms, or any other thing that is exquisite. But alas, one knows they must go."

"Ah, that's one advantage, perhaps, of not being exquisite; I shan't go. I shall stay."

"But, my dear Enid, there may be reasons which—which make your going desirable."

"I wonder very much what they can be!"

Then Mr. Weekes pointed out with what appeared to himself to be persuasive eloquence, that her present surroundings were distinctly inferior to what she had a right to aspire to; that Mrs. Fairford's friends and acquaintances were in no sense her equals; and that at her age she ought to avail herself of any social advantages which offered themselves. "You know, my dear Enid," he proceeded, encouraged by the silent attention with which she listened, and glancing at her downcast eyes, "you know that, *entre nous soit dit*, the Fairfords are *not* up to our mark. Good, excellent people, of course. And I like and approve a kindly family feeling amongst

relations and all that sort of thing. But there are differences;—there is a certain coarseness in grain;—in *grain*; a lack of polish!" (which Mr. Weekes made to sound like "pullish"). "The young man particularly!" (Here Mr. Weekes shrugged his shoulders and closed his eyes). "Although he has had the advantage of a University education, he is quite a common person. I am not honoured with much of his conversation, it is true; but I can see that his spirit is subdued to what it works in, and that he has no ideas above hops—or whatever it is he deals in.—Good Heavens, Enid! What is the matter?"

Enid had suddenly sprung to her feet, letting fall her basket, and scattering the flowers in every direction. Perhaps it will never certainly be known what moved her to this action which so startled Mr. Weekes—whether, that is to say, it was caused by anything he had said, or by the unexpected apparition of Mrs. Devayne languishing up the garden towards them.

The lady's rate of progress was so slow that Enid had quite recovered her usual composure before Mrs. Devayne reached the summer-house. Not so Mr. Weekes. He looked flushed and disconcerted. Mrs. Devayne's mere presence had at all times an unfortunate effect upon his nervous system; and the surprise of seeing her at that moment was obviously not an agreeable one.

"How d'ye do, Enid?" said Mrs. Devayne in her usual cool drawl. "How d'ye do?" to Mr. Weekes, with a short nod, in return for a crushingly magnificent salutation à la Louis Quatorze. Then Mrs. Devayne sat down on the bench beside Enid, making an odd silhouette against the half-transparent leafy background of the summer-house. She wore an immense hat, adorned with a group of sunflowers, and a dress of some thin dull blue material, embroidered with the same moon-faced vegetables, and several strings of amber beads depended from her neck.

"What in the world has brought you into these parts?" asked Enid.

"Didn't you know?" returned Mrs. Devayne, leisurely surveying Enid through her eyeglass. "You naughty, naughty girl, how you've let yourself get sunburned! I'm staying with the Rotherhams."

"With the Rotherhams? No; I did not know that," said Enid, with a scarcely perceptible drawing up of her straight, slim figure.

"Yes. It's very nice. The inside of the house is hideous with flowery wall-papers and things; but they cover them up a good deal. And Mrs. Rotherham has brought down some of her lovely *bris-à-brac* from town. And Kipperoff is there, finer than ever. He went through the whole of his *Inferno* last night—three hours and a half, without stirring from the piano. It was too utterly intense. He was quite prostrated."

"So was everybody else, I should think," said Enid, quietly.

"And Lord Kilmuir is there."

"He isn't too intense, at any rate."

"He's remarkably nice. The Rotherhams have got a very nice set this year altogether. They're awfully anxious to have you. I promised to bring you back with me."

"That was a little rash on your part, wasn't it?" said Enid smiling, but with a certain steady look of determination in her eyes.

"No. Was it?" drawled Mrs. Devayne. "Oh, I know you refused once. But you really must come, Enid. It is too *bête* to go on staying in this poky place."

For an instant Enid flashed a dangerous glance at Mrs. Devayne; but, chancing to catch sight of Mr. Weekes's face as she did so, she checked herself as though struck by a sudden thought. Mr. Weekes's countenance at this moment expressed a variety of conflicting emotions. He had remained standing, hat in hand, ever since Mrs. Devayne's arrival, absolutely unnoticed by that lady after her first scantily-civil salutation. But the mention of the Rotherhams had rooted him to the spot in spite of the irritation and disgust with which Mrs. Devayne inspired him.

"Do you think it a poky place?" said Enid with curious meekness and a side glance at Cousin Isidor.

"What else can anybody think? Not a soul in the county knows these—what's their name?—Fairburns? Ah! Fairfords. They're some sort of relations of Lady Milbury's, I believe. But that can't be helped. One isn't responsible for all one's cousins to the third and fourth generation. And the fact remains that you'll never meet a living creature as long as you stay here."

"That is rather a lonely prospect certainly," said Enid in an inscrutable tone, and still furtively watching her godfather.

"Of course it is. Quite unutterably ghastly I should say."

"I promised to stay until Charley comes down for the shooting."

"Promised! Nonsense! You've been here ages already."

"Then you don't think it matters about my promise? Nor that it would seem unkind and shabby towards my hosts to march off at a moment's notice directly I get another invitation?"

Mrs. Devayne, with a shrug of disdain, was preparing to answer this question, when Celia appeared breathless at the entrance of the arbour, calling out, "Oh, Cousin Isidor, luncheon is on the table. And mamma's compliments, Enid, and she hopes Mrs. —, this lady—will lunch with us unceremoniously. I told mamma that a lady had called to see you."

Mrs. Devayne it appeared would lunch with them. She announced that she was famished, and should be thankful for *anything* to eat.

"Come along, Celia," said Enid. "I must rush to wash my hands. Cousin Isidor, will you show Mrs. Devayne the way to the dining-room? Mrs. Devayne, you had better talk to Mr. Weekes about taking me back with you to Halsted Hall. He is in the place of guardian to me now whilst papa and mamma are away." And Enid sped along the path towards the house like an arrow.

Mrs. Devayne remained still for a moment looking after her. "How exhaustingly active Enid is!" she exclaimed at length languidly. "And with the thermometer at thousands in the shade!"

"Do you choose, madam, to proceed?" asked Mr. Weekes. His politeness was almost ferocious. His patience was nearly at an end.

"Eh? Oh, look here. Enid must positively accept the Rotherhams' invitation. The fact is I have been putting a strong pressure on Mrs. Rotherham to get her asked again, don't you know?"

"You are vastly obliging, madam; but I should have thought your good offices were hardly necessary on Miss Milbury's behalf."

"Eh? Look here; it's an immense chance for the girl."

"Chance, madam?"

"Oh, of course you don't know all the circumstances. . And I can't quite explain. But when I tell you that there is a very good chance of her making a match far above what she could naturally aspire to: for though she's very handsome in her way she hasn't a penny, and her connections are nobodies: you will see that she ought to jump at the opportunity. I suppose you do see it?" with weary condescension.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do!" returned Mr. Weekes, exploding all at once, and striking his white umbrella violently on the gravel.

Mrs. Devayne stopped short; faced him; dropped her umbrella; stared stonily; and exclaimed with extreme slowness, "Good gracious!"

After that they marched into the house side by side in solemn silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPLANATION

THE younger Fairfords were indignant when they discovered, after Mrs. Devayne's departure, the object of her visit. "The idea of trying to steal Enid away from us!" exclaimed Celia; whilst Imogen, with youthful warmth of expression, openly stigmatised Mrs. Devayne as "an old guy" and "a horribly rude person."

Mrs. Fairford pronounced her to be a dull, apathetic woman, and singularly ignorant as to literature and the fine arts. "I tried her a little on those topics at first," said Mrs. Fairford; "but she stared at me with look of positive vacancy, and did not appear to understand a word I was saying. I do not expect everybody to possess the taste for poetry which has always distinguished our family, Cousin Isidor. But such total want of comprehension is rare. The woman's countenance was a blank—an absolute blank!"

Cousin Isidor did not recover his equanimity for some time after Mrs. Devayne had been driven back to Halsted Hall in the Rotherhams' smart carriage. He had a shame-faced feeling about alluding to the rejected invitation before Enid. But that wore off when he found Enid herself speaking of it openly and without embarrassment. She told him that she had written to inform her mother how he had honestly tried to send her to Halsted, and how she had obstinately refused to go.

"You must remember, Enid," returned Mr. Weekes, colouring nervously, "that when I urged you to enter that circle, I was unaware of the presence within it of that ineffably vulgar and altogether indescribably *dreadful* woman." And Mr. Weekes shuddered and shut his eyes.

Enid understood very well that Mrs. Devayne had unconsciously served to point a moral on the "Drunken Helot" principle. But she had too much tact to insist unduly on the lesson. She merely answered, "Poor Mrs. Devayne! But I assure you she is not a whit more vulgar than Mrs. Rotherham herself."

"Is Mrs. Rotherham vulgar?" asked Mr. Weekes in tones of faint surprise.

"Well, yes; vulgar in the sense we are meaning now. For instance, there's a young man, named Lord Kilmuir, whom she adulates, simply because of his title. Nothing can be more vulgar than that,—can it?"

"Oh! Indeed? Certainly any approach to *snobbery* is—is to be deprecated. But—perhaps Mrs. Rotherham may have some sincere liking for this gentleman."

"She may. But in any case her way of showing it is not high-minded. Poor Lord Kilmuir! He might be a nice sort of boy enough, if they didn't spoil him by flattery. But he has been left to servants and toadies ever since he was born. His guardian took good care of his money, and thought his duty began and ended there. Oh, I often feel quite compassionate and soft-hearted towards the young man,—so long as he is out of my sight."

Whether Enid had any covert intention in thus speaking of Lord Kilmuir, Mr. Weekes could not divine. But her words presented quite new view of several things to his imagination; nor was it the last new view which awaited him.

There had been for some time a talk in the family of an excursion to Applecote Farm. And at length the day was fixed. Jim invited them all to visit his demesne; the alterations he had been making in the house and garden being now completed. They were to arrive as soon after luncheon as possible, and to drive home by moonlight. Even Dr. Fairford had promised to ride over about five o'clock, if no unforeseen obstacle intervened. Mrs. Fairford had not seen the place for a twelvemonth; and was to be astonished by all Jim's improvements. Indeed, none of the Fairfords had visited Applecote for some time past, excepting Rosalind, who went there rather often as her brother's chief adviser and assistant. Enid and Mr. Weekes had not yet been there at all.

The appointed day proved brilliantly fine. A barouche, which had been hired for the occasion from King's Casby, carried Mrs. Fairford, Enid, and Mr. Weekes. Rosalind had gone to Applecote the night before to complete the preparations, and Celia drove Imogen in the pony-chaise. The two younger girls were in the highest spirits, and kept exclaiming every moment, "Isn't it a lovely day? Ain't we lucky? How I shall enjoy seeing Applecote! Fancy Jim receiving us all on his own estate!" And so forth. Enid seated by Mrs. Fairford's side was rather silent, but looked radiant. Mr. Weekes faced Mrs. Fairford, who was in a peculiarly complacent mood. There was a lofty satisfaction in her mien as she sat bolt upright in the barouche, and contemplated the people walking or driving on the road, many of whom recognised and saluted her. Her answering salutations were of the kind one associates with the public appearances of Royalty—blandly conscious that its nod is worth having, and good-naturedly careful to debase nobody of that distinction. At length, when the increasing rarity of passers-by left her attention more at liberty, she observed pensively that her pleasure in visiting Applecote under the present circumstances would be not wholly unmixed with melancholy. Mr. Weekes's interest in this statement was faint. But he felt that civility required him to ask why.

"Oh, it is a very subtle sentiment," returned Mrs. Fairford. "You may understand it, because you are yourself highly sensitive. But even Dr. Fairford does not wholly enter into my feelings. It is a matter partly of temperament no doubt. Perhaps I am foolish."

Mr. Weekes secretly thought that perhaps she was. But he murmured a polite protest.

"I cannot," pursued Mrs. Fairford, "but remember what different views and hopes I had for my son, when as a boy he used to spend his holidays at Applecote Farm in old Mr. Fish's time." (Mr. Fish was the relative who had bequeathed the property to Jim).

Enid, who had been looking absently at the landscape, turned her head and listened.

"With his talents—with such gifts as his—it was natural that I should look forward to a *very* different career for him."

There was a little pause, during which Mr. Weekes thought with some amusement of Charles Milbury's declaration that an international cattle show or a universal pig competition were the only baits likely to attract his friend to town. And at length he suggested that perhaps Mr. James's talents (he always spoke of him as "Mr. James") might after all have found a suitable field in agricultural pursuits.

"Ah, you mean kindly," replied Mrs. Fairford. "And I am now resigned. But when I remember what an excellent degree he took, and that he was admitted to be the most brilliant debater of his year at the Union—" Mrs. Fairford did not finish her sentence otherwise than by shaking her head and casting up her eyes with the expression of a martyr.

Mr. Weekes had by this time sufficient experience of his Cousin Eliza's hyperbolical style to be entirely incredulous as to Jim's "brilliancy" in debate. Yet the idea of the young man's having spoken at the Union at all was surprising to him.

"Indeed!" said he. "However, Mr. James probably knew his own gifts best when he chose to be a farmer."

Enid listened with parted lips and eager eyes to Mrs. Fairford's reply. It was very long and discursive, and tinged with a very different colour from Rosalind's account of the circumstances. The chief points insisted upon in Mrs. Fairford's narration were that she had not been consulted; that her feelings had been more sensitive, and consequently had suffered more, than anybody else's; and it was insinuated as one of the grievances which she endured with her

accustomed magnanimity, that Jim, whilst inheriting his intellect from her side of the house, yet had a good share of the more commonplace Fairford nature; prone to be content with an inferior situation, and altogether too little soaring and ambitious to sympathise with her loftier views of life. Mrs. Fairford had no intention of being unfair to her son. But unfortunately an enthusiastic generosity towards oneself is seldom compatible with justice to other people. Mrs. Fairford's vanity made her constantly desire to be the most interesting figure in company, and from the beginning of his visit she had set up before her cousin as a *femme incomprise*.

Mr. Weekes, however, received one distinct impression, though not entirely the one she intended to convey, from the lady's confused and rambling statement. And he was too honourable to withhold it. "Your son, my dear Eliza," said he emphatically, "appears to have displayed great good feeling and good sense."

Enid, who had been chafing, and exerting all her self-command not to burst into the middle of Mrs. Fairford's harangue, with an indignant protest on Jim's behalf, felt a glow of satisfaction on hearing Mr. Weekes say those words. The next minute the barouche rolled into the Applecote grounds.

Celia and Imogen had arrived before them, and, together with Rosalind and the master of the house, were standing in the porch to welcome them. The dwelling was decidedly picturesque—a long, low, whitewashed house with irregular gables, nearly covered with ivy and climbing roses. A shrubbery on one side, and a flower-garden on the other, looked cheerfully flourishing, whilst a large old-fashioned orchard at the back of the house was full of moss-grown ancient apple and pear trees just now laden with fruit. Steeped in the mellow August sunshine, and set in an undulating landscape rich with hop-gardens, and backed by uplands crowned with ripening corn, it was a sight that any English heart might warm to.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Weekes, pausing for a moment before he entered the house, "a delightful place indeed! It looks—positively—quite like a gentleman's residence."

"It is a gentleman's residence," said Enid, with quick hauteur: meant, however, to get rid of some of her pent-up irritation against Mrs. Fairford, rather than to snub Cousin Isidor. She felt, indeed, that he did not deserve a snub at that moment. And she felt it the more when, turning to Jim with one of his special bows, he meekly answered, "You are very right, my dear Enid. I was rejoicing to find it so worthy of its owner."

They all entered the house, and passing through a little wainscoted hall, found themselves in a cool shady parlour, where the oak furniture, black with age, was agreeably relieved by bright chintz, snow-white muslin curtains, and flowers in profusion.

"Isn't it too lovely?" cried Celia and Imogen, skipping about the room, and eagerly bespeaking their mother's and Enid's attention to each object of their admiration. "Look at the carved chimney-piece. And the press full of blue-and-white china. Those kind of chairs are all the fashion now—only these are real; not got up on purpose. And hasn't Jim chosen a delicious wall-paper?—or did Rosalind choose it? And don't the water-colours come out beautifully against that sage-green?"

The room was really very pretty. And there was a delightful harmony—an absence of pretension—a quiet propriety about everything in it. The general approbation was so lively, that Mrs. Fairford could get no audience for a speech she began, descriptive of the conflicting emotions which agitated her. And the worst of it was that she was soon obliged to relinquish all hope of an audience later on; for Dr. Fairford arrived earlier than he had been expected, and his wife knew by experience that Godfrey's presence was unfavourable to the manifestation of some of her finest feelings. The doctor, however, was received with absolute shouts of delight by his two younger daughters, who appeared to have taken leave of all "grown-up" dignity and decorum for the day.

In the little bustle consequent on this arrival, Mr. Weekes approached Jim, who was standing apart at a window with Enid, and said with considerable solemnity, "I must beg, Mr. James, to offer you my best compliments on the excellent taste displayed in your arrangements." He felt that this, coming from Isidor Weekes, was high praise. But his opinion of Jim was much raised by what he had lately heard; and he was resolved to encourage him.

"Glad you like it, sir," was Jim's brief reply.

There was soon a general move to look over the premises. Celia and Imogen were, of course, resolved to go everywhere. Not a pigsty was to escape their inspection. Enid, too, was eager to see all that she could of Applecote. And it soon appeared that, while his sisters were running about hither and thither in a flutter of happy excitement, it was Jim's manifest duty as host to pilot Enid through the intricacies of the orchard, and across some meadows to a little wooded rising ground behind the house, whence there was a view quite celebrated throughout the neighbourhood. Mrs. Fairford was led away by Rosalind to give her opinion on the kitchen and store-closets; and thus it happened that Mr. Weekes and Dr. Fairford found themselves alone together.

Mr. Weekes, who wished for a little quiet conversation with the doctor, professed that he should be pleased to stroll in the orchard, where he had observed there was a good deal of shade. Dr. Fairford readily assenting, they passed out together. As they went through the hall Dr. Fairford asked if Mr. Weekes had seen his boy's book-box.

"Book-box? No; I think not."

"Well, we may peep in. Jim calls it his book-box because it is so tiny. But it is big enough to hold his library as yet."

As he spoke, Dr. Fairford opened the door of a very small square room opposite to the parlour. It was filled with books from floor to ceiling, and contained a writing-table and arm-chair for all furniture. "This was a gun-room, or something of the sort, in old Fish's time," said Dr. Fairford; "but Jim has promoted it to its present use. The guns are relegated to some back settlement."

Mr. Weekes glanced at the titles of some of the volumes. "These, I presume, are relics of your son's Balliol days," said he.

"Oh, the Greek poets? Yes; Jim was rather a crack Grecian. You will find them pretty well thumbed still; for he keeps up his Greek for the sake of the poets, not by way of scholarship. He is a dragon at poetry,—devours everything from Homer to—what's his-name? The newest French poet, you know."

Mr. Weekes did not in the least know; his acquaintance with modern poetry having stopped short at the writers who flourished about the epoch of the Battle of Waterloo. He was quite silent until they reached the orchard, and were walking under the shade of the apple-trees. Dr. Fairford, never loquacious, would have been content to pace up and down for an hour without talking. But at length Mr. Weekes raising his head, which had been sunk meditatively on his breast, said, "You will not, I hope, think I take a liberty if I ask you to tell me how it was, that your son became a farmer, instead of embracing a profession on leaving the University. Eliza has been mentioning some circumstances to-day; but I—I failed clearly to apprehend."

Dr. Fairford could well believe that whatever other effect Eliza's eloquence might produce it had not been favourable to clearness of apprehension. He at once stated the case briefly and unreservedly. Jim had set his heart on the Bar. But for him to become a barrister would have involved his being a burthen on his father for at least some—perhaps many—years. Just when the young man was leaving Oxford Dr. Fairford had been in difficulties. A sum of money which he had saved and set apart as a provision for his daughters was lost by the breaking of a county bank. Nearly simultaneously old Mr. Fish had died and bequeathed Applecote to

I'm. The farm would furnish a living, but was at the time (some five years previous) not saleable for any important sum. There had been several successive bad years for the hops, and things had been neglected and let to jog on in a careless easy-going fashion. Jim took his resolution. He applied himself to the business of the farm, having had some taste for, and knowledge of it, from boyhood. He raised a mortgage on the best portion of it to help his father to replace the sum lost in the bank. That mortgage was now nearly paid off. Jim had worked hard and intelligently, and had been lucky. Those were the facts; and Dr. Fairford narrated them with the baldest simplicity. He was far too proud of his son to condescend to embroider them with any eulogistic remarks.

Mr. Weekes on his side made none. After a pause he said, hesitatingly, "Do you believe—I hope—Do you think that your son is tolerably contented with his present life?"

"Yes, thank God, I do think so. The fact is that Jim's temperament is an odd mixture of bodily activity and mental dreaminess. Farming and a country life give him scope for both. My own notion is that he is better fitted to battle with the tares in his wheat than with the moral tares that a lawyer's experience must be full of. And it is never a farmer's duty to explain away the tares, or make them pass for wheat-ears. Jim is a little high-flown on some points."

At this moment the subject of their talk appeared at the end of the orchard, accompanied by Enid and Imogen. Imogen announced that she had been looking for them everywhere to tell them to come in to tea; that she couldn't imagine where they had got to; but that at length, put in the track by a dropped glove of Enid's, she had found them on Prospect Hill, and was now bringing them back in triumph. Mr. Weekes observed that Enid looked flushed, and hoped she had not been over-fatiguing herself; an anxiety which Imogen kindly removed by the statement that she had found them sitting on the bench under the beech-tree, and that they had been sticking there lazily for more than an hour. Dr. Fairford glanced attentively, first at Enid's face and then at his son's, and a little shade of anxiety came over his countenance, which returned at intervals during the rest of the evening. But it was a merry evening notwithstanding. An excellent cold repast announced as "high tea," and consisting of a profusion of country dainties, was enjoyed by all the party. Even Mrs. Fairford forgot to be resigned, and claimed no merit for eating a hearty meal. There was a delicious moonlight stroll in the garden for the young ones, whilst Dr. and Mrs. Fairford and Mr. Weekes sat in the porch. And then it was time to go back to the Red House.

Mrs. Fairford fell fast asleep in her corner of the carriage within five minutes after declaring that she should not be able to withdraw her eyes for an instant from that "entrancing orb"—meaning the moon, now nearly full. Mr. Weekes sat so still and silent, with his face in shadow, that Enid thought he had been sleeping too. But when, on their arrival at home, she asked him, he said, "No, no, my dear. I have been thinking."

(To be continued)



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH is constantly charged with writing above the heads of readers. The charge is true: but the question still remains whether its truth, in his case, affords ground for blame or for praise. It is certainly well that at least one writer of genius in an age should disregard the general level of heads, if only that readers may be now and then reminded that there are more things on earth than are dreamt of in everyday philosophy. Such a work as "Diana of the Crossways" (3 vols. Chapman and Hall) helps at any rate to keep up the falling standard of fiction, if indirectly and ever so little: and nobody can read it without thinking worse of bad work and better of good work than he did before. That it will help to make its author more popular it is idle to hope, for it requires real reading with some exercise of attention, ample time for assimilation, and some skill in taking suggestions quickly. Mr. Meredith writes as a brilliant talker converses among intimate and kindred spirits, who are keen to catch at far-off allusions and to perceive the whole meaning of half words. Granting the time, the capacity for attention, and the other necessary qualities and circumstances, "Diana of the Crossways" is well worth something more than merely reading. As a mere story it is admirable: and this requires pointing out all the more, inasmuch as Mr. Meredith is so much beyond being a mere story-teller that his skill in this respect is apt to be underrated—just as in one of Anthony Trollope's novels an eminent barrister was supposed to be a bad cross-examiner only because his power in cross examination, though of the first order, was the least of his claims to distinction. Mr. Meredith is professedly a psychologist, and is one of the very few English prose writers who have a perfect right to make such a profession—he is a psychologist not because he cannot tell a story, but because he can. Diana Warwick is the study of a woman who is, to the world, a brilliant and dangerous adventuress, and the heroine of a matrimonial scandal: to the most impassioned of her lovers, a traitress who would sell his most sacred confidence for money: to the one or two who know her best, an angel; to herself an enigma. What the reader will feel concerning her when he has mastered her history, is that her creator has supplied a key to an infinite amount of misunderstood biography, written and unwritten, and that, in almost every case, judgment without sympathy is well nigh certain to be wrong. Indeed it is impossible to read "Diana of the Crossways" (always noting the significance of the last word in the title) without an enlarged charity, and a greater contempt than before for what men and women think and say of one another. Mr. Meredith's style still retains its epigrammatic quality: but in this matter he is scarcely so successful as usual. Perhaps Diana's aphorisms are intended to have a certain characteristically feminine quality, as dashes at half truths, but her biographer might have done her the service of finding for her the lucidity in which she was assuredly lacking. If he has never deliberately aimed at mystifying his readers, as to whether they or his heroine are made the butt of irony, he certainly often has the air of such intention. It is no doubt difficult for great talent to tolerate stupidity—that crowning tolerance belongs to genius only, and for that reason alone Mr. Meredith's right to the highest title may be questioned. But this is the only question on that score that can arise. With all its difficulties, "Diana of the Crossways" must remain one of the finest of all studies of feminine nature, and is well worth the whole of the time that would otherwise be given to the swarm of novels that are twice as easily read and a hundred times as easily forgotten.

South Africa has of late been coming very much to the fore in fiction. The Cape still awaits its Homer, but meanwhile "At Home in the Transvaal," by Mrs. Carey-Hobson (2 vols.: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), forms a very reputable contribution to his materials, whenever he shall appear. For one thing it covers nearly the whole ground of distinctive Transvaal life, tracing the fortunes of an English couple through the normal difficulties of emigrants, and through the exceptional troubles of the region where they made their home. The book is well and often picturesquely written, and the story is good enough to serve for the conveyance of more interesting matter.

The principal interest of "Creatures of Clay," by Lady Violet Greville (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), turns upon the incidents of a contested election—a rather stale theme in ordinary hands, at least until the new conditions come into full play and open up for the humourist a fresh field. The complications are brought about by a set of characters evolved from very elementary psychological notions indeed. The whiteness or the blackness, as it may happen to be, is laid on with a thickness certainly not to be found in any considerable number of persons at once, and expressed with a frankness unknown save in the alphabet of melodrama. The story is strictly conventional: but Lady Violet Greville has no doubt shown a knowledge of her own capacities in never allowing herself to stray from beaten lines.

"Found Out," by Helen Mathers, is published in a shilling volume by F. Warne and Co., without having passed through any more expensive ordeal. It is evidently inspired by the spirit, as well as by the success, of "Called Back," and it must be said that Miss Mathers has fairly competed with Mr. Hugh Conway on his own ground, and has left him nowhere in the matter of occult mystery. Altogether she has gone to work with her usual uncompromising courage, and, if fortune favours the bold, she has fully earned her reward.

"A Bit of Human Nature," by D. Christie Murray (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), contains, in addition to the story of that name which appeared originally in our own columns at Christmas, an amusing little story called "The Lively Fanny." This last compresses a good deal of character into a short compass, and has an exceedingly appropriate title.



"WHAT a happy fellow Guy must be," says the reader, laying down Lady Barker's book with quite a feeling of personal affection for the writer. Her ladyship has such a way of putting heart into her descriptions, well-trodden though the ground is. Western Australia becomes in her hands an enchanted land. One is never tired of those stolid iguanas, those emus so provokingly tame, that harmless "York devil," that "flash of brilliant green like a wet jewel" which means a covey of paroquets. We almost suspect Lady Barker of a lurking sympathy with those wicked dingoes; and when somebody gives her a jockolokol cockatoo she shouts her pean: "Joy to the world! I am so delighted!" as if she was a girl of fifteen out bird's-nesting with her brother. Then how her recipe for taming noisy larrakins: "A sugar-stick for the quiet ones," makes one love her; and the Christmas-trees that she was always getting up for orphan and mission schools; and the fair-haired dolls with which she delighted the hearts of native girls; and her kindness to the black prisoners at Rottnest. Speaking of the flat, ugly coast about Bunbury, almost the only thing she can't find a good word for, she says: "No matter; the people who live there are so kind and hearty, with beaming faces and outstretched hands of welcome." It would be very strange if their faces did not beam when the author of "Letters to Guy" (Macmillan) came among them. There is plenty, too, for Guy to think about when he gets old enough—the little cadet-corps, wherein lies the hope of the future Dominion; the lament over the dying-out of native arts; and so forth. As one reads of the "melodious laugh" of that blackfellow who couldn't see why sheep are not fair game like kangaroos; and of the native flint tools, and the perfect work which is done with them; and of the kylie (boomerang) throwing, one asks why, for want of a few Lady Barkers in years gone by, all this marvellous skill must be lost instead of being added to the stock of human attainment. The book makes one reflect—all the more, because it is so sweetly and simply natural.

Mrs. R. Moss King's "Diary of a Civilian's Wife in India" (Bentley) has the charm (not missed, despite its absence, in Lady Barker's book) of illustrations of a very high order. Her camels are delightful; and so are her Kashmirees, especially "baby having its feet washed," and her syces, and her lean kine. Every picture, in fact, is a whole chapter of Indian life. They are not elaborate plates, but little sketches, four or five on a page. The accompanying letterpress is as instructive as the illustrations. Mrs. King tells just what she has seen, and she has seen a great deal; and she not only writes with a strong sense of humour, but has, like Lady Barker, the gift of investigating common subjects with interest. We hope she is wrong about our sitting on a volcano; though the snubbing Lord Lytton gave our troops, and the Europeans in general, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress is not the sort of thing to make our seat safer. She also complains of the "globe-trotters," who are taken in by native courtesy and hospitality, and come home saying "the English require snubbing and the trusty natives exalting." We are glad she is awake to the folly which sold Kashmir to a hateful tyrant for a paltry three-quarters of a million. She is also often out of heart at what our short-sighted merchants delight in—the killing out of native taste by the influx of vulgar English finery. The missionaries are partly answerable for this. In a German school at Meerut she found hideous Berlin wool-work taught instead of the beautiful native embroidery, the result being that the boudoir of a Baboo's go-ahead wife was furnished in execrable taste. But why, justly detesting the wool-work, should Mrs. King herself teach *macramé*? Ladies going out to India ought to read these volumes, though here and there *cum grano*.

"The recess" in which Mr. H. W. Lucy journeyed "East By West" (Bentley) is, of course, the time when Parliament being up, the English pressman is free to see as much of the world as he can. Mr. Lucy improved his opportunity. He went from New York by Utah to San Francisco; and thence, via Hong Kong and Ceylon (where he has a good deal to say about Arabi), to India. From Bombay he struck across to Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and back by Ajmere, finding something new and interesting to tell at every point. He doesn't like New York: its thoroughfares are disgraceful; its ugliness portentous. He and his wife were a long time walking about Broadway before they would believe that such a narrow street could really bear such a name. He finds railway officials brusque and uncivil (they expect no tips), and the time difficulty worries him. Protection, too, is a failure; senators make it pay to give a fancy price plus duty for London-made boots and riding breeches and encaustic tiles; and the Chinese (he is sure) will have to be let in again. He is great about Japan and its future, having met with an exceptionally large number of educated Japanese. Two of these had sadly proved that the noble British Tar is as given to take in strangers as the ignoble East London baker.

Mrs. King passed through "Bulandshahr" (Benares: Medical Hall Press), and saw evidence of Mr. Growse's taste and enthusiasm. The men were at work in his compound inlaying with brass ribbon wire a reredos for an English church. This art Mr. Growse first took up when Assistant at Mainpuri. He introduced it at the Agra Exhibition of 1867, where (he says) "it was treated with the greatest contempt." At Calcutta last year his workmen got a first-class certificate and gold medal. His next station was Mathurā, his valuable monograph on which we noticed some time ago. He was next made Collector at Bulandshahr, of which place the book before us contains a history, and also an account of how their Collector stirred up so much public spirit in the inhabitants that not

only did great and small come forward with handsome subscriptions (to the amount of nearly 28,000 Rs.) for the public works which he had set going, but many actually rebuilt their houses in harmony with his plans for beautifying the town. Mr. Growse cries out against the strangling effect of Government red tape, and also against the tyranny of the P.W.D. Like many others, he thinks the Governors of Bomāy and Madras a needless expense; but far worse is the demoralising waste caused by the exaggerated centralisation and vexations meddling of the Department. Its expenditure in postage-stamps and clerks' salaries is something amazing, and its *raison d'être* is to thwart men like Mr. Growse. On him it was a sad clog; if at his persuasion a native offered to build a bridge, all sorts of difficulties were thrown in his way in order to force him to employ a Government surveyor and to do the work through the Department—whose bridges, we are told, had an awkward trick of falling down as soon as they were finished. The book is an interesting record of what a man can get done, even in India, if only he steps outside the paralysing circle of officialism. His moral is "the remedy for present evils lies in local self-government;" yet he is obliged to confess "the total unfitness of any Indian district for independent self-government." Each district, in fact, wants a Growse to stir it up.

Mr. W. Oxley admits that there are plenty of books about "Egypt" (Trübner), but he describes its wonders "as a psychologist more or less acquainted with the occult laws and phenomena of the science" of which Madame Blavatsky (from whom he quotes) is so distinguished an ornament. He therefore gives us a great deal about "obsessing spirits," and spirit communion, and the *sahu* ("astral form"), developing his views in chapters on "Egyptian Magic and Spiritism," and speaking of spiritualism as "the phoenix-like power which is rising into a new form from the ashes of a bygone age." His experience of Egypt seems limited to a three weeks' trip up the Nile in one of Cook's steamers; but then he had Mr. James Menzies (to whom he owes the capital chapter on Egyptian architecture) as counsellor and guide. He thinks Tewik is the right man in the right place, because he works loyally with "that great Power which has the re-making of Egypt in its hands;" but he also pins his faith on Henry Melville's "Astro-Theological Planisphere," a good deal of which is taken from Volney; and whatever may be the value of his parallel between Isaiah xlvi. and Amun Ra's address to Rameses II. one stands aghast at the statement: "The Old Testament is said to be a translation from an older Hebrew record, the Septuagint!" (p. 201). Mr. Oxley's spirits must be as mischievous as those incarnated by Mrs. Guppy, or they would never let him blunder in such an atrocious fashion.

Mr. C. de Lacy Evans, surgeon to St. Saviour's Hospital, is sure that ossification is the cause, not the result, of old age; and if, instead of eating bread and other foods which consist largely of earth salts, men would feed as they were meant to do, "on vegetable albumen in its purest form, as it exists in fruits," they might "live as long as the patriarchs." "How to Prolong Life" (Baillière) is such a vitally interesting topic that no wonder the book has reached a second edition. Mr. Evans makes capital out of facts of all kinds, such as cretinism being a premature ossification; he is also amusingly candid, citing in his list of centenarians many habitual drunkards, and adding: "There is a philosophy in such cases. Drinking takes away the appetite. Less is eaten, and therefore a less amount of earthy salts is taken into the system!"

Miss Shirreff is quite right in saying that "People may be found talking familiarly of the Kindergarten, and yet ignorant of the very name of Froebel." We are glad she prefaches "Home Education in Relation to the Kindergarten" (Chapman and Hall) with a few appreciative sentences about this remarkable man, whose system was during his lifetime prohibited in his native Prussia. Miss Shirreff fears that, now it has been adopted throughout Europe and the United States, Froebel's method may, like some of its predecessors, crystallise into routine. Women, she is sure, must accept their natural vocation as teachers, and must fit themselves for it. She complains that, building as we do on book teaching and neglecting nature, we have made up our minds that teachers of the least promise will do for Kindergarten work, and that a few months' training are enough to fit the greatest ignoramus to be a proficient init. The vast importance of the way in which a child is treated from the very first is the moral of this little book. A true mother is better than the best of Kindergarten teachers; but then how much blundering there is even by wholly unselfish mothers.

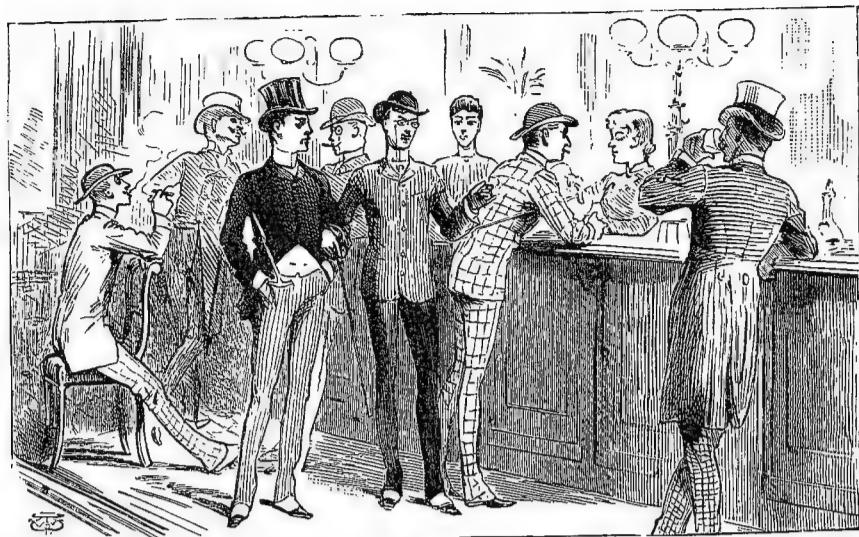
Mr. F. G. Heath's "Tree Gossip" (Field and Tuer) is a pleasant collection of chips from the workshop of the Editor of "Gilpin," and author of "Our Woodland Trees," &c. Mr. Heath knows as much about trees as he does about ferns. From "Mistletoe on a Fir" and "Raining Trees in South America" to such a wide subject as the destruction of American forests, he treats of all kinds of topics, and always interestingly. We wish his suggestion about fruit along the highways was likely to be adopted in these islands.

Volume IV., Part I., of "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" (Cassell), deserves even more praise than we bestowed on the earlier portions of the work. The derivations are carefully given; and, while scientific words are in great plenty, popular terms like "Grub Street," "Haussmannise," are not forgotten. It is a pity there are not more quotations, but there are a good many. We are glad to find *growan* (though we miss the kindred term *growder*); but we doubt if even the former word is often used except by Cornish miners.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE country residence of Mr. Octavius Cope has now for three years been lighted by electricity, and he has just published his experiences of the system for 1884, as he has in each of the previous years. This report, coming as it does from one who is quite unconnected with any electrical company or interest, either directly or indirectly, is most valuable. The conclusions arrived at by Mr. Cope in previous years he now confirms, and he still speaks of the light as being so charming, convenient, and healthy that he makes us regret that it is not easily attainable by the masses. He points out that the life of the Swan incandescent lamps which he is using is continually lengthening, but there is a new glow lamp in the market which is said to require considerably less current. This lamp he will presently test, with a view to putting up fresh lights without any additional power. The expense of working, maintenance, &c., has been the same as in previous years, and slightly less than what would have been paid for gas. Mr. Cope attributes the non-adoption of electric lighting in our towns to the action of the Board of Trade in ruling that public installations of the light should be at the disposal of local authorities at the end of twenty-one years. With regard to country houses, he advises others to do as he has done, and not to wait for improved methods.

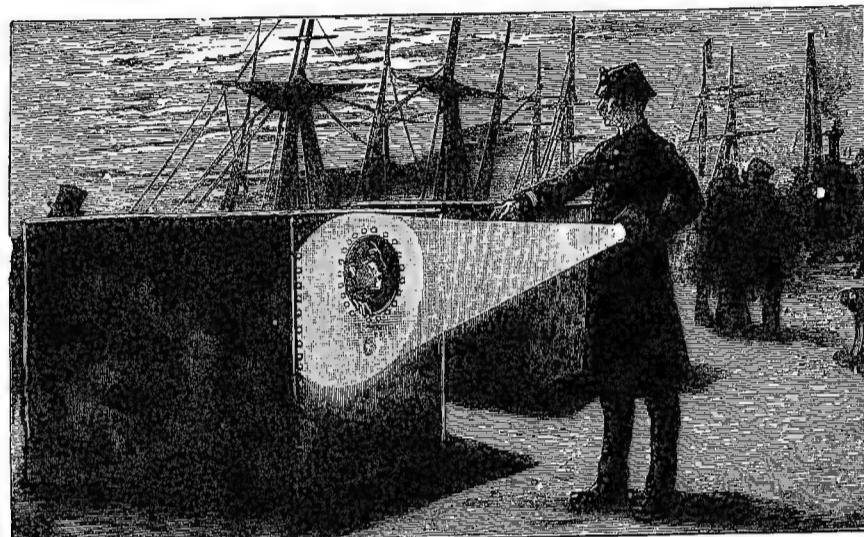
The recent earthquake calamities in Spain have again broached the subject of protection against such catastrophes by proper precautions in building construction. Mr. Brunton, who has had much experience as engineer in charge of the establishment of lighthouses on the coast of Japan, points out the mistake of lightness of construction, and consequent loss of strength. Quoting Mr. Mallet's celebrated history of the great Neapolitan earthquake of 1857, he shows that that authority is of the same opinion: "Where the masonry was of the best class, and such as would be so recognised in England, the buildings thus constructed stood uninjured in the midst of chaotic ruin." A striking illustration of the truth of this is put forward. The Campanile of Atena, a square tower ninety feet high, and twenty-two feet square at the



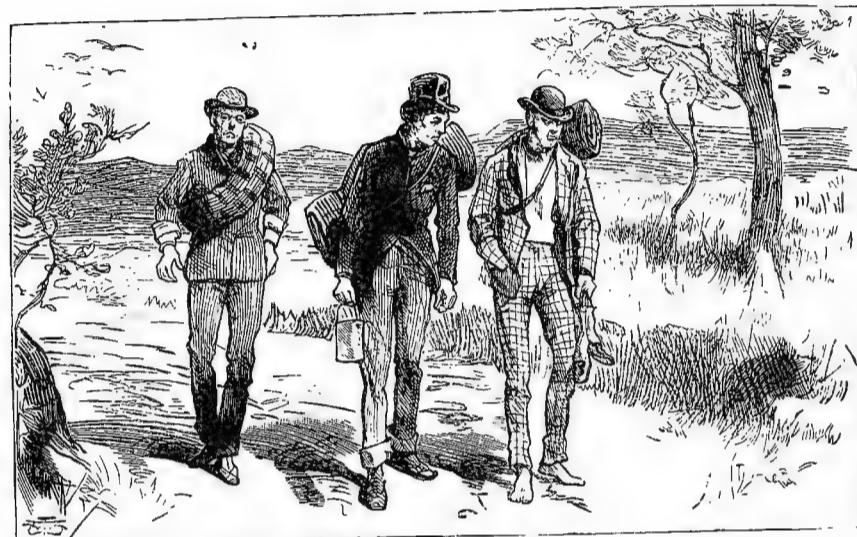
FIRST MONTH—AFTER LANDING: MONEY NO OBJECT



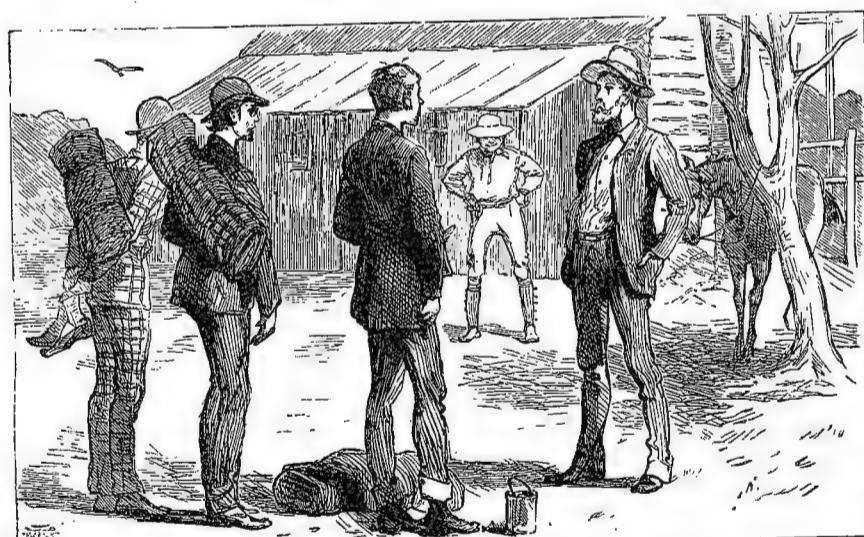
SECOND MONTH—NOT EVEN THE PRICE OF A FEED AT A "SIXPENNY"



THIRD MONTH—"IF I CATCH YOU CHAPS A LIVING IN THESE YER TANKS AGAIN, I'LL RUN YER IN"



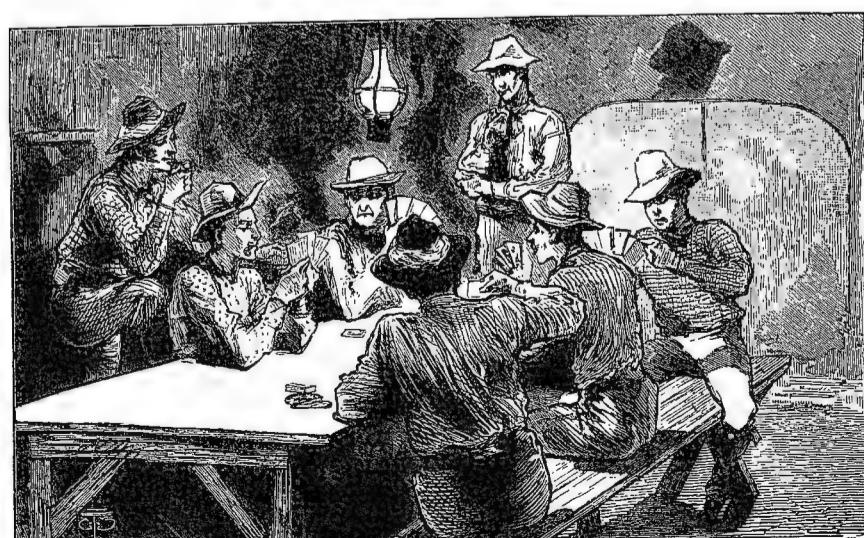
FOURTH MONTH—THEY START TO TRY THEIR LUCK UP COUNTRY



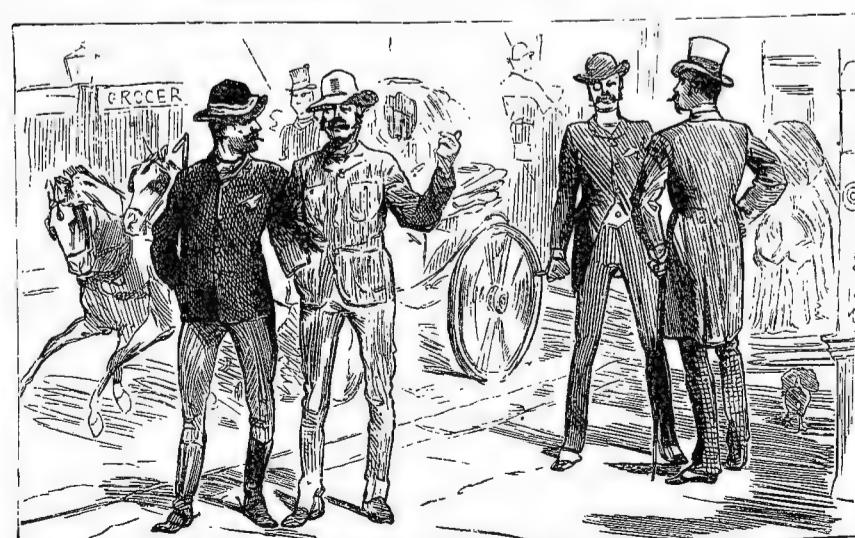
FIFTH MONTH—"CAN YOU DO ANY FENCING?" "SINGLE-STICK OR FOIL, SIR!"



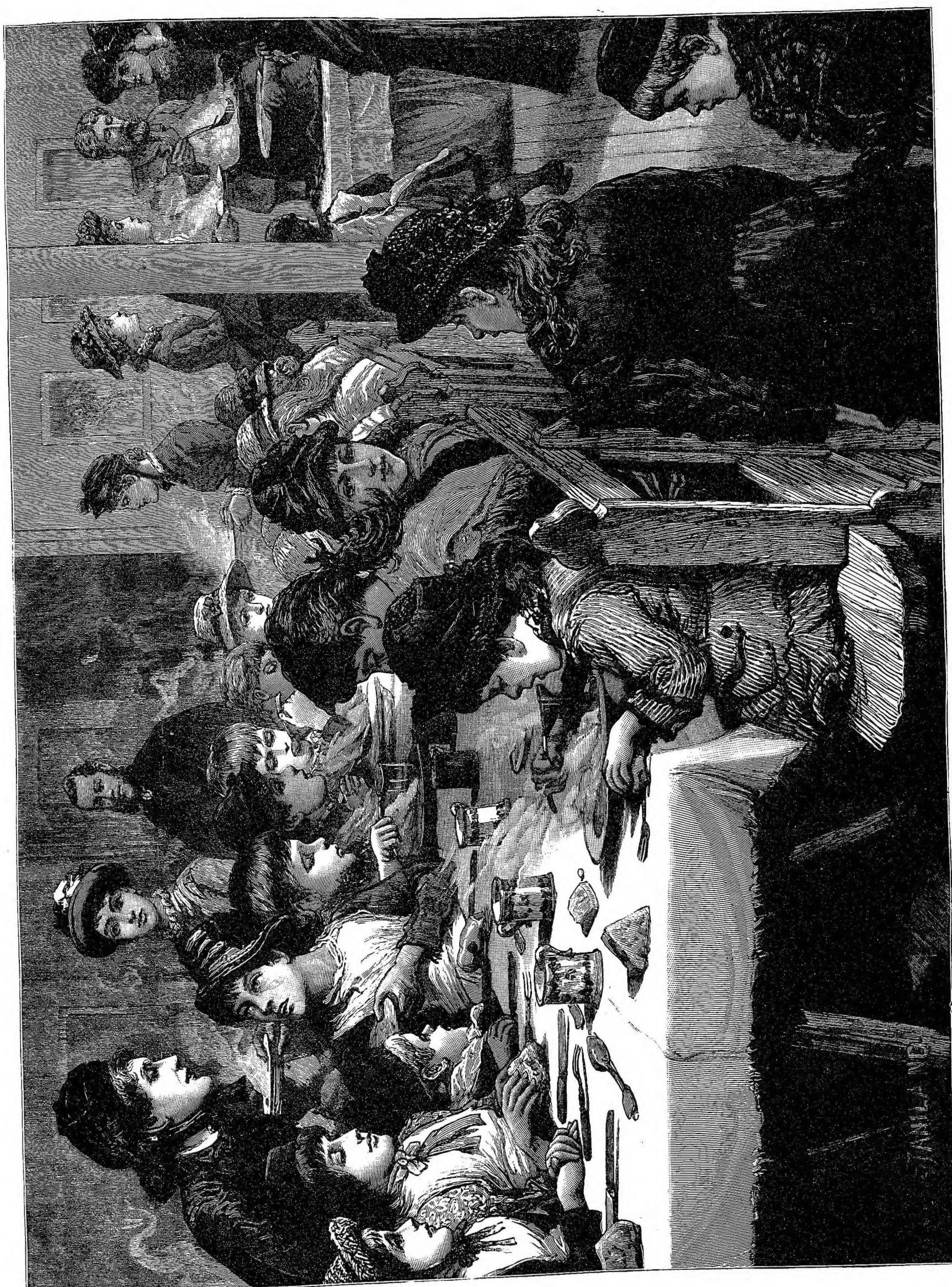
SIXTH MONTH—THEY ARE ENGAGED BY THE OVERSEER: "IF YOU FEEL YOU ARE COMING OFF, HOLD ON WITH YOUR SPURS!"



SEVENTH MONTH—MORE EXPERIENCED NOW: NOT TO BE HAD AT ANY PRICE



EIGHTH MONTH—IN TOWN AGAIN. THEY WONDER HOW THOSE NEW CHUMS CAN MAKE THEMSELVES SUCH GUYS



A PENNY DINNER TO BOARD-SCHOOL CHILDREN

base, remained erect and without a single fissure, while the buildings round about it were levelled with the ground.

The recent alarm as to the poisonous nature under certain conditions of canned foods has led to the introduction in the New York Assembly of what is called the "Earle Bill." This measure renders it unlawful for any packer or dealer in foods so preserved to offer such articles for sale unless the package plainly bears the name of the preparer and the date of preparation. Violations of the provisions of this Act will be deemed a misdemeanour, punishable with a fine of 500 dollars in the case of a manufacturer, or fifty dollars in the case of a mere vendor.

The art of photography has, since the commercial introduction of dry plates, become so fashionable, that it is not uncommon to meet with pictures taken by amateurs which quite equal the work of professional men. The latter may some of them be inclined to resent this encroachment upon their ground. But they must remember that the possibilities of to-day have been due entirely to amateur workers who have had time and money to devote to the work of bringing the dry plate system to its present perfection. Many amateurs, indeed, were working with gelatine plates while the professional photographers did not believe in them, and would have nothing to do with them. It was only when the beautiful results achieved by amateurs came to be forced upon their notice that photographers in general were converted to the new system. The announcement that an Exhibition of Photographs by Amateurs will shortly be opened under the auspices of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company will therefore excite little surprise. This exhibition will take place in New Bond Street at the end of April, and prizes of a valuable nature will be given for the best pictures in different classes.

In spite of the powerful rivalry of the coming "Inventories" at South Kensington, which will more or less affect, as its predecessors did, all the other metropolitan and suburban attractions, an International Exhibition is to be held this year at the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill. One feature of this exhibition will be a department devoted to balloons and flying machines, under the patronage of the Aeronautical Society. In connection therewith we are promised a contest of balloons, with prizes to those aeronauts who succeed best in taking a predetermined course, and arriving at a selected goal. We trust that the French Aérostat, of which such contrary reports have been published, will be among the competitors.

It used to be thought that the least puncture of the brain must result in immediate death, but many cases of late years, with the help of advanced surgical science, have shown this belief to be untenable. The latest case of this nature is described in the *American Journal of Medical Science*. A youth of eighteen whilst firing a gun had the breech-pin of the weapon driven into his brain. For the moment he was rendered insensible, but afterwards was able to walk home, when the foreign body (weighing nearly an ounce and a half), together with fragments of bone and of a felt hat, were removed by a surgeon. The patient recovered, and does not seem to be in any way the worse for the accident.

Visitors to the Fisheries Exhibition may remember a model of a floating breakwater, consisting of a number of pontoons with pointed ends chained together, with their points towards the advancing waves. An experimental trial of a breakwater on this principle is about to be tried at Eastbourne, and if successful it is proposed to fit out a floating breakwater on a large scale capable of sheltering several vessels. The cost is said to be but a fraction of that entailed by the construction of the usual solid form of breakwater.

Sir Edmund Beckett has been asked to grant a faculty in York for building a chancel, of which the concrete and joists beneath the floor are to be washed, to prevent dry rot, with an arsenical solution applied with a watering-pot. And he warns his brother Chancellors against this new attempt to introduce metallic poisons into our buildings. He fears that on the evaporation of the moisture the arsenic would rise in the form of dust or fumes into the church. This could surely be effectively prevented by mixing any binding material with the solution. Arsenical soap has been for many years plentifully used for the purpose of preserving stuffed animals, and we have never yet heard of any bad results from that system. This may certainly be due to the circumstance that people generally do not know that the arsenic is there.

Another electric launch has been tried with some success on the Thames, the object being to prove its suitability for police service, the ordinary steam launch or row boat giving too plain an evidence of their approach to make them valuable for detective work. The power can be utilised in the production of a brilliant light, which will search the waters for many yards ahead.

The experiments as to the relative value of gas, oil, and electricity as illuminants for light-houses have been continued during the past month at the temporary light-houses erected for the purpose at the South Foreland. Foggy weather has upon one occasion been very valuable in showing that the brightest light is not always the one which will most easily penetrate a dense atmosphere.

A fresh discovery of rock-salt in South Durham is an important event for the chemical trade of the Tyne, for the high cost of carriage from Cheshire of the salt used there has always been a serious item of expense. The present find was made by means of the diamond borer, at a depth of more than a thousand feet, and the bed is 117 feet thick.

T. C. H.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A BOOK that will doubtless attract considerable attention in certain circles is "Songs of the Heights and Depths," by the Hon. Roden Noel (Elliot Stock), but it would be tolerably safe to predict that the author's audience, however appreciative, will be an eclectic one. The technical excellence of the poems may be taken for granted, and it is sufficient on this point to remark that never have Mr. Noel's great talents been expended with more favourable results. There is more difficulty in speaking of the matter than the manner; it is almost essential that a reader should be fully *en rapport* with the author, as regards the systems of philosophy, religion, and so forth, with which he deals, and it is not invariably easy to grasp the full scope of these; of the subjectivity distinguishing most of the poems we need not speak—that is a fetter from which few poets of the present day seem able to free themselves. Perhaps the principal poem of the volume is also the most typical, viz., "Melcha;" it is provoking, because Mr. Noel has taken some of the pretty old Killarney legends—including that of the unwitting absence from earth for a century—and woven them together, only apparently that he might overload the romance with his own nineteenth-century views on science, steam, Shelley, and many other matters—all which give an air of incongruity to the whole. The fairy Knight O'Donoghue, who seems to have possessed the joint gifts of improvisation and prophecy, carries off the maiden Melcha, and entertains her in his sub-lacustrine palace, which seems to have been a sort of glorified Polytechnic. Here he treats her to a scientific discourse, and as it results in threatenings of syncope, she is revived by means of a wonderful museum, and a still more wondrous series of *tableaux vivants*, embracing some of the chief scenes from Shakespeare, with groups of Byron, Shelley, and others. At last she escapes and flees home, to find that she has been away a hundred years, tries religion, and ultimately returns in despair to her supernatural and highly-instructive lover. The effect of the whole is rather wearisome. Some of the minor pieces are worth reading, but Mr. Noel would be seen to greater advantage if he would descend to tell a plain story without quite so much exposition of his own peculiar views.

A posthumous poem of unusual interest and merit is "Euphrenia; or, The Test of Love," by William Sharp (Kegan Paul). It is a singularly pretty and well-told love-story, which may thus be briefly epitomised as to the main facts: the handsome heir to an earldom courts a yeoman's daughter whom he sincerely loves, but, urged by dread of parental anger, proposes to make her his mistress. Indignantly repelled by the girl, and warned by a dream, he seeks priestly advice, and, at last, braves all, marries his sweet-heart—he had a conveniently rich old aunt—and goes to live in Switzerland. It would be unfair to disclose the means by which a reconciliation is brought about, but it is very well done, and all ends happily. When we consider that the poem was practically completed in 1856, it is strange to reflect upon the changes which some thirty years have brought about; to the younger generation much of the clever speech of the Spirit of Satire must seem to be positively opposed to facts, and, fortunately, it is so as they now exist; take, for instance, the comments on Church matters, on Art, or on the cultivation of music in this country. By the by, at page 47 will be found a powerful passage which foreshadows in the most curious way a noble protest against Mammon-worship to be found in Mr. Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive." Altogether, "Euphrenia" is a book to be read not only with pleasure but with profit; as a matter of mere personal taste we should be inclined to print each couplet as one long line—the effect would be more sonorous, and, as the lines at present stand, both eye and ear almost demand the middle rhyme.

The new volume of "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge) is entitled "Plays and Poems by Ben Jonson," and contains, in addition to many of the minor pieces, the comedies of *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. The volume is prefaced by a slight but agreeable memoir of the dramatist.

We are not quite sure that we understand "The Peril of the Republic, and Other Poems," by George Macdonald Major (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons), but the author, apparently a native of the United States, would seem to entertain the most gloomy forebodings as to the future of his mother-country. The miscellaneous pieces call for no special comment.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN

THE Governor-General of India is the representative of an Irish family founded early in the seventeenth century by a successful Scotchman of the name of Blackwood, a scion of a Fifeshire family, who settled in Ulster, and one of whose descendants at the beginning of the present century inherited the Irish Baronies of Dufferin and Clandeboye. Whatever qualities Lord Dufferin may have derived from the founder of his family are blended in him with others that are more Irish than Scotch. The wit that sparkles and the sentiment that glows in some of his speeches may well have been inherited from his mother, who was the eldest of the gifted and beautiful daughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose pathetic Irish ballads achieved a wide popularity, and who showed much bright comic power in her delineation with pen and pencil of the imaginary adventures of the Honourable Impulsus Gushington.

An only son, born in 1826, and thus now in his fifty-ninth year, educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, Lord Dufferin was still a minor when by his father's death he inherited with an Irish peerage the family estates in County Down. He had scarcely attained his majority when he showed his sympathy with his countrymen by hurrying from Oxford at the crisis of the Irish famine to see for himself, and as far as he could to relieve, their sufferings in such a pest and charnel-house as Skibbereen had become. On his return he published an interesting and unaffected description of what he had witnessed. The spectacle presented by a country in which the peasantry were dying of famine and fever on the one hand, and shooting landlords on the other, did not tempt the young nobleman to desert his duty and abandon Ireland. On attaining his majority he gave a banquet to his tenantry in honour of the gentleman who had acted as agent for him during his minority. In the address which he delivered on the occasion, the earliest reported of his speeches, he manfully maintained that the worse the condition of Ireland the greater her need of the beneficent exertions of the owners of the soil, and in modest language he said he meant to practise what he preached.

He had been for a year or so one of the Lords-in-Waiting to the Queen when his promise and capacity—Lord Dufferin has always been a Liberal-induced Lord John Russell, though he was only twenty-three, to convert his Irish Barony of Clandeboye into one of the United Kingdom, and he took his seat in the House of Peers. In 1854 he made in that Assembly a speech which produced some sensation from its bold advocacy of the right of the Irish occupier, when ousted from his holding, to reasonable compensation for his improvements, a claim which has now been long admitted by the Legislature, but which was then considered inadmissible and indeed preposterously extravagant. In the following year he was attached to Lord John Russell's special mission to Vienna to bring the Crimean War to a close, a mission which proved in every way a failure. Not long afterwards Lord Dufferin took a holiday from politics and Parliament and performed a voyage in his yacht to Iceland and Spitzbergen, his very lively and entertaining account of which, in "Letters from High Latitudes," was one of the literary successes of the period. Steadily rising in the opinion of his political chiefs, he was in 1860 appointed by Lord Palmerston British Commissioner in Syria, where ruthless massacres of the Christians in the Lebanon and at Damascus, connived at, it was suspected, by the local Turkish authorities, called for the intervention of the Great Powers. England sent a fleet, and the Emperor of the French a military force, while the Powers were represented in Syria by a Commission authorised to frame a scheme of government for the Lebanon, with the object of averting further outbreaks of sanguinary fanaticism. As the representative of England, and instructed by Lord Palmerston, Lord Dufferin was its most important member. His task was a delicate and difficult one. He had to exact the punishment of the offenders without wounding Turkish susceptibilities, and to baffle the intrigues of his French colleague, who aimed at establishing French influence in the Lebanon and at protracting the French occupation of Syria. Lord Dufferin was completely successful. The guilty were punished; the massacres were put an end to; the French military force returned home. A scheme of government for the Lebanon, mainly his handiwork, was accepted by the Powers, and since then, in striking contrast to Bulgarian and other atrocities in the Turkish Empire, the Lebanon has been tranquil, and peace between the Druses and the Maronites has been preserved.

Owing to his Syrian success Lord Dufferin was recognised by the official world, while still under forty, as a man of considerable mark and promise. He had been Under-Secretary of State for War and for India successively, when, with Mr. Gladstone's first Premiership of 1868, he rose in the Ministerial hierarchy to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. A greater was behind, and in 1872—having in the preceding year been raised to the rank of Earl—he received one of the highest appointments in the gift of the Crown, the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion of Canada. On the duties of this important office Lord Dufferin entered at a trying time. The Canadians were greatly dissatisfied with the Treaty of Washington, by which they thought that their fishery-rights had been sacrificed, and they were irritated by what they regarded as the indifference of the Mother Country to the continuance of the Imperial connection. The Dominion itself was threatened with disruption by a formidable Separatist movement in British

Columbia, consequent on the failure of the Government at Ottawa to carry out the construction of the Pacific Railway in accordance with the pledges on the faith of which the colonists west of the Rocky Mountains had agreed to enter the Confederation. Making journeys over a vast extent of territory westwards Lord Dufferin familiarised himself both with the magnificent capabilities of the Dominion and with the feelings and aspirations of its scattered inhabitants. And now his administrative capacity was reinforced by his sympathetic and imaginative nature. In a series of stirring addresses, delivered during his progresses, he kindled a new spirit of Canadian patriotism by his eloquent descriptions of what the colonists had already achieved, and by his brilliant pictures of the splendid future of the almost untrodden expanses of the fertile Far West of the Dominion. The glowing oratory of the representative of the Queen and spokesman of the mother country effaced the soreness of the Canadians at the supposed want of sympathy with them on this side of the Atlantic. The grievances of British Columbia were removed, and in its capital Lord Dufferin explained the satisfactory proposals of the Dominion Government for the performance of its pledges. Through his skilful management the Government of the United States, which he visited more than once, compensated the Dominion for the sacrifice of its fishery rights. After six years of strictly constitutional rule Lord Dufferin left Canada loyal, contented, and prosperous, and returned home with the highest reputation as the sympathetic, skilful, and successful administrator of one of the greatest possessions of the Crown.

Lord Beaconsfield was then Prime Minister, and a few weeks previously the Treaty of Berlin had been negotiated. A few months later, with characteristic astuteness, he appointed Lord Dufferin Ambassador at St. Petersburg, where, after her diplomatic triumph in the German capital, it was the policy of England to be conciliatory, and where a Liberal and a former colleague of Mr. Gladstone could scarcely fail to be a *persona grata*—to say nothing of the world-wide reputation of the ex-Governor-General of Canada. The details of Lord Dufferin's diplomacy at St. Petersburg are still buried in the archives of the Foreign Office; but their results are known to have been on the whole successful. After the fall of Lord Beaconsfield and the close of Mr. Goschen's special mission to Constantinople, firmness as well as conciliation was required from the representative of England in the Turkish capital, and Mr. Gladstone transferred Lord Dufferin from St. Petersburg thither. The Blue Books on the Egyptian question record Lord Dufferin's proceedings during the most difficult of his negotiations at Constantinople; and those relating to the despatch of a Turkish force to Egypt which, just when he had brought them to a successful issue, the victory of Tel-el-Kebir made it expedient for the Government to refrain from utilising. In the sphere of external administration and diplomacy Lord Dufferin had by this time come to be regarded, like Lord Wolseley in military operations, the one man to be applied to in the hour of need. While remaining Ambassador at Constantinople he was sent after Tel-el-Kebir to bring order into the chaotic administration of Egypt, and to save English honour from being stained by Oriental vindictiveness in the trial and punishment of Arabi, and of Arabi's coadjutors. His mission of little more than three months at Cairo ended with his production, ordered by the Government at home, of a Constitution for Egypt, which he drew up while he was harassed by the daily details of Egyptian administration, and in which he recognised the primary rights of the fellahs without ignoring the impracticability of politically organising such a country as Egypt on the model of European State-systems. Lord Dufferin's reputation did not suffer when the Mahdi's successes in the Soudan forced his Egyptian Constitution into abeyance. The announcement that he was to succeed Lord Ripon in the Indian Viceroyalty was received with the greatest satisfaction by men of all parties. The internal and external problems presented by India are, it was felt, precisely those which require for their solution a Governor-General of his varied experience, sympathetic nature, and sagacity.



MESSRS. POHLMANN AND SON.—A clever and rising young composer is Alfred F. Christensen; he has supplied the music, which is of more than ordinary merit, for three songs: "Fair Helen," for a tenor, and the "Sailor Boy's Message," for a soprano or tenor, words of both songs by Charles Kirby, and "Two Pictures," for a baritone; the dainty poetry by C. M. Haddock. The above composer are *Drei Impromptus* "für pianoforte, violine, und violoncello," and *Drei Stücke* "für violine (oder violoncelle) und pianoforte." These six works will prove agreeable additions to the repertoire of executants on these instruments.—"For Love and the King," written and composed by F. W. Waithmann and William Spark, published in F and in D, is a dashing tale of love and war.—A meet companion for the above is "The Royalist," words by Sir Richard Fanshawe, music by Ambrose H. Comfort.

MESSRS. J. AND W. CHESTER.—J. Montgomery's very sweet little poem, "The Daisy," has been set to music by Frank Austin in a simple style.—"Deuxième Mazurka, pour le piano," by Henri Logé, is not nearly so difficult, and far more pleasing than "Souvenir d'un Bal," a *valse de salon*, by the same composer.—Brilliant enough for an after-dinner piece is "The Minstrel's Harp," for the piano-forte, by Farley Newman.—Of the same showy type are "Valse de Salon," by Frank Austin, "Mazurka, pour le piano, par Otto Schweizer," and "Jeu d'Esprit," in polka form, by H. C. Burnham, "La Jeunesse Polka," by "Aigrette," and "Delizia Waltzes," by A. A. Horne, are very fair specimens of their school.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—When Charles Salaman and his son, Malcolm C. Salaman, collaborate, we may be sure of a good result. "Love's Legacy" is no exception to this rule. It is published in D and in B. Of the same high merit is Charles Gounod's setting of Tennyson's poem, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," published in C minor and in A minor. A coquettish little poem is "Love that Hath us in His Net" (from *The Miller's Daughter*), by Lord Tennyson, prettily set to music by E. Hatzfeld, for a mezzo-soprano. Of the ultra-romantic school both of poetry and music is "Somewhere or Other," written and composed by C. Rossetti and A. Millais. "At the Feet of My Love," words by Hamilton Aidé, are very suggestive of valentine poetry; the music by Kate Ralph is suitable thereto. A very elaborate accompaniment to a song written and composed by Kate Ralph will frighten all but good pianoforte players from attempting, "Arise, Beloved," published in A and in F. Again we come upon an ultra-sentimental poem by Robert Browning, so obscure in its meaning that few will penetrate it. The music, by C. V. Stanford, is appropriate to the theme; the title of this song is "Prospice."—Ordinary mortals will turn with pleasure to "The Daddy Longlegs and the Fly," by that imitable of comic poet writers, Edward Lear, music by Emily J. Troup.—"Fourth Tarantella," in E flat, for the pianoforte, by Walter Macfarren, will add one more note to his musical reputation.—There can be no sound reason for Florence May putting a "Von" before her name, and entitling "Walzer für Pianoforte" a set of fairly good waltzes, which would have stood their ground with an appropriate English title.

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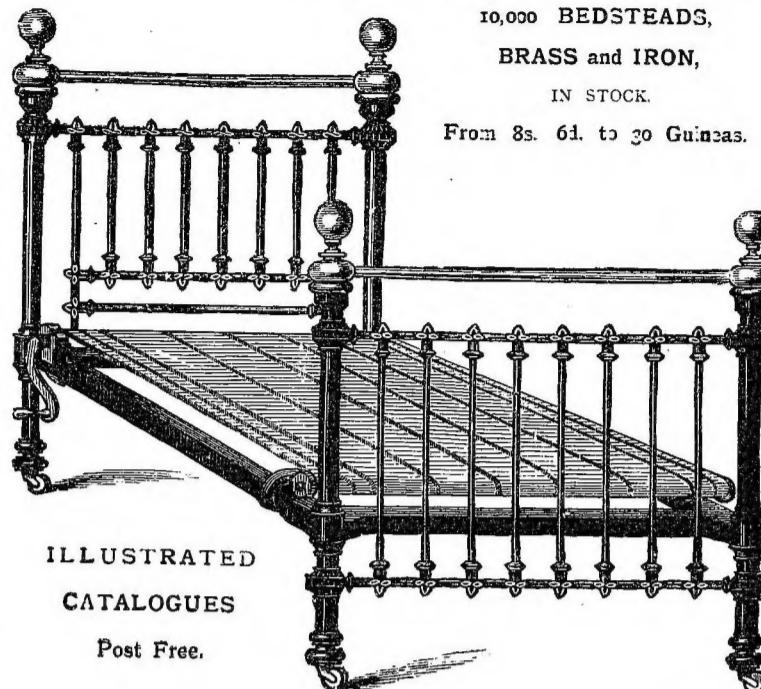
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